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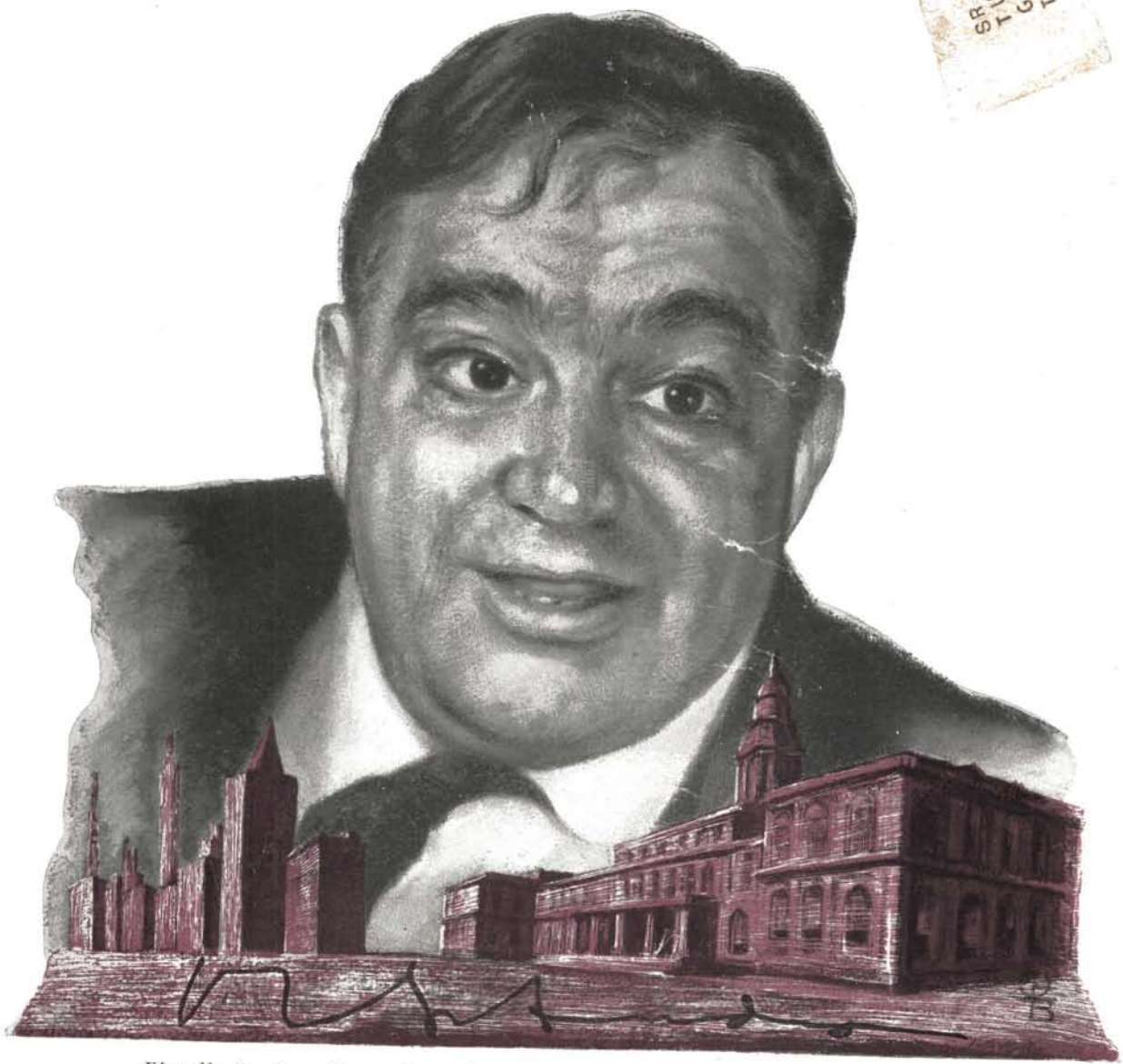

Fiorello La Guardia, author of "The Making of An Insurgent." (See page 10)

"Dear Young Lieutenants . . ."

By ADOLF HITLER

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"My Favorite Season in France

Spring • Summer Fall • Winter"

says SOPHIE KERR,
well-known author

SOPHIE KERR, author of *Wife's Eye View* and other best-sellers: "France is not a time of year, it's a way of life. It's a whole philosophy. You haven't *lived* until you've been to France."

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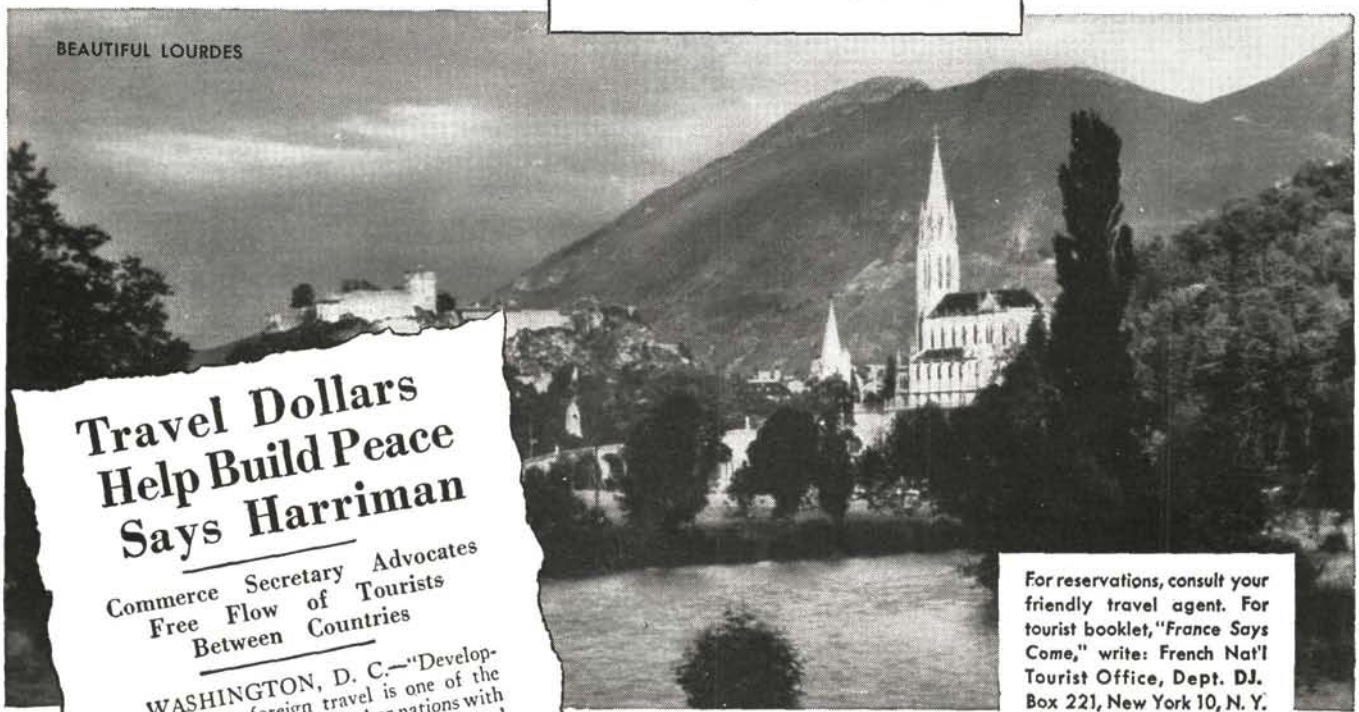
So plan your trip when it suits you to come. France is ready, offering her best, at all times.

P.S. Re-valued, the franc has never before offered greater travel value. Your dollar buys more of the good things of life.



Travel Dollars Help Build Peace Says Harriman

Commerce Secretary Advocates Free Flow of Tourists Between Countries

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Development of our foreign travel is one of the soundest ways to provide other nations with the dollars they need to buy our goods and keep our trade expanding," said Secretary of Commerce W. Averill Harriman today in a meeting before

For reservations, consult your friendly travel agent. For tourist booklet, "France Says Come," write: French Nat'l Tourist Office, Dept. DJ. Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.

A Service Agency of the French Ministry of Public Works and Transportation

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

New York: 610 Fifth Ave. • Chicago: 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Los Angeles: 448 S. Hill St. • San Francisco: 411 Kohl Bldg.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS are a year-round business these days. They are celebrated during Children's Book Week in the fall, and at this time of year the Spring Book Festival is observed by bookstores and libraries the country over. Every year, Oxford has been proud of the children's spring book list and this year is no exception. Here they are—gay and serious, picture books and story books, about people and animals, folk lore, mystery, life in our own country and in other lands. Boys and girls of varied ages and interests will find books to suit their particular needs.

MY PET PEEPELO

By ELLIS CREDLE *Photographs by* CHARLES TOWNSEND

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Folk tales from Canada are charmingly retold for boys and girls. There are Indian legends and French-Canadian stories in this interesting and unique collection. $2.50

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TRADE Winds

PICKING UP THE PIECES

IN NEW YORK, the Board of Education has under consideration a proposal that Laura Hobson's "Gentleman's Agreement" and Arthur Miller's "Focus" be banned from public high-school libraries. Lewis Gannett, one of the principal reasons why people are switching faster to the *Herald Tribune* than they are to Calvert, reacted violently in a piece which, I am happy to say, he has permitted me to reprint in part here:

> I doubt that anyone but an adult is ever harmed by reading any book. What a child doesn't understand doesn't hurt him. What he does understand he picks up outside books rather than from the books he reads. But any American child has a normal desire to read anything that he is told he shouldn't read, and I think it is a healthy spirit. It is a state of mind which the New York City Board of Education should bear in mind.
>
> Somewhat more than a year ago the Board of Education, with considerable hullabaloo, dropped Howard Fast's "Citizen Tom Paine" from its Combined Lists of Approved Library Books for Secondary Schools in the City of New York. Despite protests of interested citizens, the board stood by its censorship. The effect of their muddling action can only have been to increase Mr. Fast's royalties.
>
> A few months after the Fast uproar I talked to a group of high-school magazine editors gathered at Columbia University. I asked what books they had recently reviewed. Editor after editor cited "Citizen Tom Paine." Most of the editors were from suburban or remoter points, but my recollection is that two of the young critics were editors of New York City high-school magazines. I asked how they happened to review "Citizen Tom Paine." "Because of something we read in the newspapers," they replied. Was the book in their school libraries, I inquired. No, they said. One had rented a copy at Womrath's and a second had spent his own money to buy a copy.
>
> Next week I shall talk to another generation of high-school editors. I expect that, when I ask them what books they have recently reviewed, "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Focus" will head the list. The censors in the New York City school system will be directly responsible. . . .
>
> Some idea of the caliber of the Board of Education's lists is suggested by the facts that A. E. Housman is there listed as an American poet, while the Czech, Karel Capek, and the Englishman, Kenneth Grahame, appear as American essayists, and Mark Van Doren's book of essays on Shakespeare is listed as a play.
>
> The most desirable novelist for high-school readers, judged by the number of titles on the approved list, is Rafael Sabatini (fourteen titles listed); he is followed by John Buchan (twelve), by Bess Streeter Aldrich (nine), and Mazo de la Roche, Dickens, and Booth Tarkington (eight each). The "combined list," with its seven supplements, totals many thousand titles, including some 1,200 novels, but only a single title each of Thackeray, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and John Steinbeck, and two of Sinclair Lewis—"Dodsworth" and "Arrowsmith."
>
> If "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Focus" are to be barred, as some odd characters close to the board are urging, the whole list should be reconsidered. If such a task of censorship is to be performed, however, I think it would be healthier to cut out much of the stultifying sap and tripe at present clogging the "approved" lists, and let the children read the thought-provoking books which, in or out of school, they are sure to discover. . . .

IN BOSTON, *Atlantic Monthly*'s Charlie Morton, who was an incurable optimist when first he knocked on the portals of the literary world, but who seems to be growing just a wee **bit disillusioned** with it all, dashed off the following "Life Cycle of a Book Page":

> Saga opens up when the advertising director tells the managing editor that the sheet is missing out on publishers' advertising. There ought to be a Book Page, regular features, reviews, jottings and notes, literary stuff. Worth giving the works, a whole page, maybe two. Might even be some circulation in it. Who knows what the public might not go for? Scheme gets general endorsement. Paper has occasionally used "reviews" by staff members. It paid for them by giving the reviewer the book and a by-line. But the new scheme calls for a genuine "Literary Editor" and all the trimmings.
>
> Paper hires a Literary Editor and throws him a big party. Here goes for the big-time! Watch us grow! Who said this wasn't a hot literary town? Literary Editor pitches in, everything dandy. First Book Page has four columns of reviews and four columns of significant looking book advertising.
>
> Next week: same thing, fine business.
>
> Third week: breakfast food ad seems to have been mislaid, somehow, on Book Page; issue offers three columns of reviews, two colums of publishers' advertising, three columns of Poplets.
>
> At this point, friendly little luncheon conference between Literary Editor, Managing Editor, and Advertising Director. The finding is that there isn't enough book advertising to sustain three columns of reviews. Literary Editor is cut back to a

"Dad, what are you going to be when I grow up?"

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two-column quota. He solves this by canning his column "Browsing About" and sticking to individual reviews.

Next issue reiterates Poplets ad plus fascinating list of used cars offered by Madman Jones plus a sell-your-diamonds-for-cash invitation.

At the end of six months: Book Page carries four squib-reviews, half column in all. There are three wan little book advertisements aggregating thirty lines. Rest of page is occupied by Florida resorts. Literary Editor seems to be doing a lot of drinking.

Two years later: Literary Editor has long since gone over the hill. Page offers short list (selected and typed by an office boy) under the heading "This Week's New Books." There is one ad, with coupon offer, for a new cook book put out by a direct mail outfit. Rest of page filled by 1¢ sale, Monday only, by a retail drug chain.

At this point, the Advertising Director tells the Managing Editor that the sheet is missing out on publishers' advertising. There ought to be a Book Page. . . .

IN LONDON, Frank Swinnerton, critic, man of letters, and author of "Nocturne" and a dozen other best-selling novels, revealed that he too had been assaying the quality of present-day book pages.

> From time to time [he declared] I see comments on the general badness of present-day reviewers, and I accept some of these comments as true. Only some of them. Reviewing has never been a fine art, and when I read reviews of my own books I often find them silly or incomprehensible. But I don't accept the assumption that reviewing is worse than it used to be; it isn't. Nor do I think, as some do, that reviewing, to be good, should be spiteful. To me, the malicious arrogance of the would-be superior person is quite as contemptible as the flatulent praise of the hack. It's the sign of a closed mind; just as the hack's performance is the sign of an uncourageous nature.
>
> I mustn't seem to suggest that there is nothing between arrogance and the hack. We still have a society free enough for the open expression of severity by young reviewers, and I hope the freedom will persist. A literary world without ruthlessness would be a literary world of old men, old fashions, and decay. On the other hand, a literary world from which tolerance was excluded would be a literary world in paralysis. We don't want that. My notion of a good reviewer is a man of taste and sympathy, experienced in books and human nature; not a censor, not a bigot, but somebody with the imagination to grasp every author's standpoint, the ability to estimate his performance, and the skill to relate both to the general taste of the age. . . .

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S star continues to rise. His newest play, "Soiled Hands," is a sensation in Paris. American rights were snagged by Jean Dalrymple, despite frantic bidding by a dozen other producers. In Sartre

What could be more welcome to the American reading public, in these times of stress and strain, than a new novel in the tradition of THE FLOWERING THORN, THE NUTMEG TREE and CLUNY BROWN? Here it is, by the same author. What variety! What entertainment!

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By Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin of Indiana University

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

in the Human Male

IN a recent Gallup public-opinion poll, overwhelming approval was given the publication of this book. Issued in the interests of better sex education and sociologic adjustment, this is definitely a report of great significance. Authorities acknowledge it to be one of the most important contributions to society to be made in the past 50 years.

$6.50 at your bookstore or send order with remittance to

W. B. SAUNDERS COMPANY
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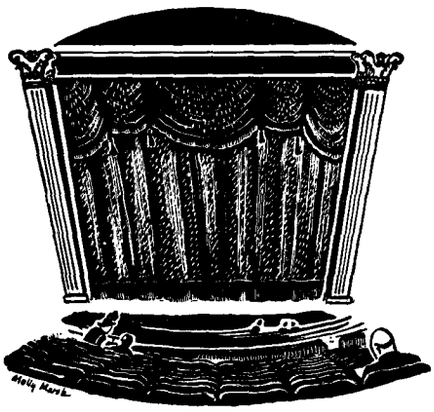
Publishers to The Medical and Allied Professions

and Camus, Knopf have a pair of the most prolific and sure-fire writers of postwar Europe. . . . Funny how these new sensations from abroad bob up in pairs! Sartre and Camus follow Galsworthy and Kipling; Wells and Bennett; Yeats and Synge; Feuchtwanger and Werfel; Auden and Spender. Can you think of others? (My secretary Jezebel suggests Haig and Haig.) . . . Our own Clifford Odets, fed up with Hollywood, is heading back East to reclaim his rightful place in the theatre with a play called "Winter Journey." . . . Odets is one of the characters in "The Mechanical Angel," Donald Friede's engaging, if inconsequential, autobiography. Donald tells everything he remembers, and several things he doesn't, but omits the name of the psychoanalyst who assured him he belonged in the publishing business. . . . They say that when Moss Hart's new play comes to town, a couple of publishers, not to mention producers, columnists, and actors, may find it expedient to get out until the whole thing blows over. . . . Meanwhile, Moss's indefatigable brother Bernie is opening a new motion-picture palace near the Medical Center. He calls it Loew's Blood Pressure. . . . Macy's has a new book-buyer, Charles Reder, third since Peg Byrnes retired to a life of ease and luxury. . . . Ed

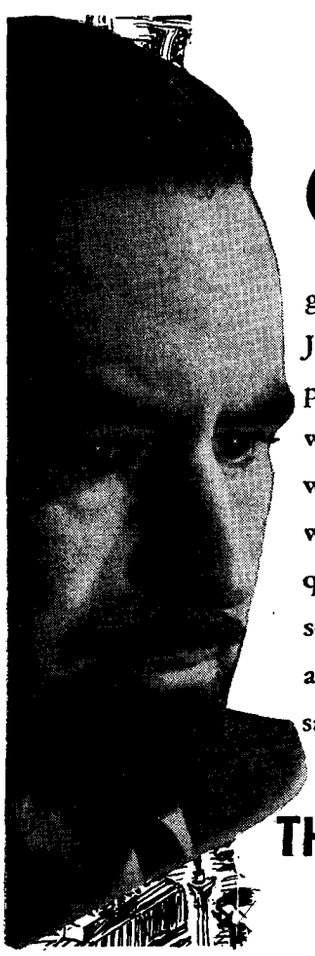


Ziegler and Doubleday have parted company after twenty-seven years. . . .

Add to the sure-fire list for fall. "No Highway" by Nevil Shute; "Shannon's Way" by A. J. Cronin; Bill Faulkner's first new novel since "The Hamlet"; "Long After Summer" by Robert Nathan; "The Wild Country" by Louis Bromfield. . . .

A PANHANDLER beseeched Editor John Straley for a dime for a cup of coffee. "I have no change," said Straley. "O. K.," said the panhandler, "Gimme a dollar, and the next nine times I see you, I won't bother you."

BENNETT CERF.



The author of **NIGHT AND THE CITY** and **PRELUDE TO A CERTAIN MIDNIGHT**

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gives you the exuberant odyssey of an unpredictable gent named Johnny Pym...You will go from Busto's (rooming house of London's part-time dead-beats) to Claridge's and Park Lane and back . . . You will enjoy the spasmodic ownership of an infallibly creative typewriter and the luxurious possession of a tin of strawberries . . . You will progress through a series of masterpiece benders on to the conquest of three different styles of womanhood...You will experience some startlingly strange adventures amid extraordinary people . . . and you'll relish some brilliant satire in the novel Richard Mealand says, "beats anything Gerald Kersh has written so far."

THE SONG OF THE FLEA

At your bookseller's, $3.00 • DOUBLEDAY

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The Saturday Review of Literature

"Dear Young Lieutenants..."

ADOLF HITLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recently, foreign correspondents were polled as to what they might consider the greatest single news story of a lifetime. Leading the hypothetical list was the discovery that Adolf Hitler was alive. Spectacular as such a story might seem, however, the fact remains that both British and Russian governments already seem to have anticipated such a possibility, judging by official investigations which tend to question the early accounts describing the circumstances of Hitler's death.*

But whether Hitler is or is not alive, both his will and/or spirit have not been entirely absent from the world during the past three years. Certainly, the unraveling of world peace since the end of the war seems to be in line with his most ominous prophetic wishes for the victors. By way of emphasizing that fact, we present herewith an imaginary but perhaps plausible message "written" by him during those last hectic days in the Berlin cellar just before the end of the war.

Our purpose in publishing this "message" is to ask, frankly, whether the United Nations has any better reason today for pursuing internal enmities than it had during the war itself. If division was a fatal luxury in 1945, is it any less dangerous in 1948? Has this common danger disappeared? Herr Hitler wouldn't think so.

Adolf Hitler

THIS is Adolf Hitler. It is Monday evening, April 30, 1945. I write this, my dear young lieutenants, in Germany's most trying hour. I write this in a subterranean cellar in Berlin as the wolf packs of the enemy are closing in.

I have great secrets to impart.

But first, I want you to know that Germany was betrayed, that we did not lose the war but were turned over to the enemy by the Goerings and the Ribbentrops and von Rundstedts and von Jodls. They are the vile betrayers of the flesh and blood of millions of Germans who fought for the glory of the Greater Reich, the world Reich.

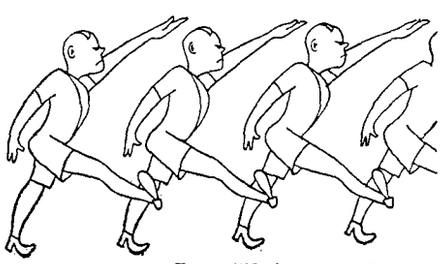
They are the ones who conspired with the enemy, trying to save their own necks while they laid bare the heart and soul of the Reich to disaster.

But you, my dear young lieutenants, will have the chance to erase that infamy. You were personally selected by me many years ago. There are only forty of you. You were hand-picked out of thousands upon thousands of boys and young men who were tested in many ways they knew nothing about.

If you have wondered why many times during the past twelve years you have received special attentions; if you have wondered why at an early age you were taken away from the regular youth camps and brought up under individual instructors; if you have wondered why there were special papers in your copies of "Mein Kampf" that were not in the regular editions, and why you were pledged never to discuss those papers with anyone; if you have wondered why you were never allowed to endanger yourself in battle, even though your training subjected you to the severest discipline, so that you could endure great danger and pain; if you have wondered about all these things, you now know the reason.

Now you know that you were chosen by Der Fuehrer for what might some day be the greatest mission in the history of the Reich. And the time for that mission has now come. My fellow leaders, *your mission is to bring about the ultimate triumph of National Socialism in the world.*

Men, believe me, the war is not over. Many of our cities are smashed, millions of loyal and brave soldiers of the Reich lie dead on the battlefields. The enemy has overrun our once glorious fields. Even as I write at this moment, the Bolshevik armies are entering our sacred Berlin from the East, contaminating with their dragging and dirty feet the capital of our beloved Reich. Meanwhile, the armies of the corrupt and plutocratic democracies are moving in from the West, having already signed an infamous armistice with the cowardly and degenerate von Jodl.



—From "Nations and Peace."

But I say again, and you must believe me, the war is not over. In your teaching, and in "Mein Kampf," you have learned that there is no such thing as peace. There is only a single struggle towards ultimate victory in which intervening defeats are to be regarded as setbacks, capitulation as a strategic military maneuver. Let the poisoned minds of the intellectuals and the braggarts—the Wilsons and the Roosevelts—delude themselves by thinking that they have won or that peace exists. We know better. We know that the battle has moved onto a different level. We know that the fight must be fought with different weapons, but that the fight will go on.

In "Mein Kampf" I told the world I would make any treaties I had to make, sign any papers they asked me to sign, but spit on those treaties and papers when it served my convenience to do so. I told the world I would play the big nations off against each other, now exacting favors from the one, while abusing the other; now condemning one, while hypnotizing the other. I warned I was going to destroy Versailles. I warned I was going to recover the Rhineland. I warned I was going to bring Austria into the Reich. I warned I was going to annex Czechoslovakia, and actually gave the reason—that I would have to do so

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My Current Reading

Author, editor, magazine writer, **Russell Lord** has made a name for himself as America's premier writer on agriculture and problems of the land.

FAITH AND WORKS IN FLEET STREET, *by J. W. Robertson Scott (Hodder & Stoughton, London)*
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY, *by Alan Paton (Scribner's)*
RAINTREE COUNTY, *by Ross Lockridge, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin)*
THE WAYWARD PRESSMAN, *by A. J. Liebling (Doubleday)*
TOWARD WORLD PEACE, *by Henry A. Wallace (Reynal)*
LOVE AGAINST HATE, *by Karl Menninger (Harcourt, Brace)*
THE IDES OF MARCH, *by Thornton Wilder (Harper)*
PORTRAIT OF JENNIE, *by Robert Nathan (Penguin reprint)*
OUR PLUNDERED PLANET, *by Fairfield Osborn (Little, Brown)*
THAT WINTER, *by Merle Miller (Sloane)*

for an eventual war against Russia. I said the real enemy is Britain and America.

But each of the enemies heard only what he wanted to hear. The decadent, depraved capitalistic and Jew-ridden Americans and British heard only that I intended to destroy the Bolsheviks. And the clumsy, blundering Bolsheviks heard only that I was going to destroy the stranglehold of British and American corporation imperialism on Western Europe. We grew strong because each side had an economic system which the other feared and hated, and because each had a fanatical desire to see the other destroyed.

DEAR fellow leaders, please believe me. The same stupid, ignorant, confused, blundering, blind fools in both countries can be counted on to make the same mistakes once again.

We shall have another chance!

And this time we won't fail because of the treacherous Goerings and von Jodls. This time I have you—you to whom I have really been a father; you to whom I have given secretly my deep devotion and care; you in whose bloodstream flows the very essence of National Socialism; you whose minds and hearts are one in your fanatical zeal to fulfill the Great Aim. Yes, this time I can count on you, and I trust you to bring about the redemption of Nazism and its victory in the world.

Now, listen carefully, for it is important that you know not only what it is you are expected to do but what will happen in the months and near years ahead, and how the idea of Germany can be resurrected and made triumphant.

Our job is a simple one. We must make history work for us. We must seize upon and exploit every event and development and turn it to our advantage.

The shooting phase of the war now ends. It leaves only two great nations in the world—the United States and Russia. The rest of the world is a power vacuum. Here is where history favors us, because the ruling groups in each nation will be made uneasy by this power vacuum. The old fears and hatreds between capitalism and Communism will now be set upon a world stage, but they will be only a minor factor in the developing tensions between the two great nations.

For a brief time—perhaps a matter of months or only weeks—there will be apparent good will between West and East. There are already plans underway for recreating the old League of Nations idea in order to formalize their supposed friendship. But do not be fooled by any new league. It will come to nothing. The Americans do not really want one any more than the Russians do. The Americans will use fancy words as usual to make the world think they are supporting what they will call the rule of law in the world; but they will never—never, I tell you—be willing to be part of anything which would really have such power. Mark my word, they will find a clever way of proposing a world organization in which there will be no fixed obligations. And Russia—stupid, inept, suspicious Russia—doesn't have to insist on anything. The Americans will propose a grandiose but futile league, and the Russians will smile to themselves and accept.

But the new league will change nothing. The world power vacuum will remain. Each side will be insanely fearful that the other will try to use the power vacuum for eventual military purposes. And in the straining for favorable position, great tensions will develop which can result in the ultimate downfall of both.

I shall describe to you now the three stages of tension, incident, and explosion leading to the destruction of Russia and America, carrying with it the annihilation, as well, of Britain and France.

The first stage will have the Far East for its setting. America will pour all her energies into a quick defeat of Japan before Russia, now very eager to help out in the Far East, will be able to move her army onto Japanese territory from Siberia. Japan will thus become the first specific and open expression of the fear and distrust between the two, and this fear will be accentuated by military power facing each other.

Meanwhile, the same thing will happen here in the Reich. Russia and the West will never be able to agree on a peace treaty for Germany. Now that Russia has her armed forces here, she won't want to move out. And the Americans and the British will keep armed forces here because they are afraid of the Russians. Again, there will be distrust backed by potential military might.

ELSEWHERE in the world, Russian and American military forces will be staring at each other. Everywhere there will be trouble—China and Italy and Greece and Czechoslovakia. We have bequeathed to Europe—as I promised we would—a legacy of hunger and disease and rats and stone heaps and rotted bodies. It will be too great an opportunity for the Bolsheviks to resist. But the Americans will be worried that if the Bolsheviks come to power in any of these countries, these countries will be used as a possible base of military operations.

Next comes the second stage—the stage of propaganda preparation for the war. This will not be difficult in either country. In Russia, the leaders for thirty-five years have hated America and Britain because those countries tried to destroy the gains of the revolution by intrigue and military expedition. The Russians lack food and feed themselves on crisis. Most important, they will avoid any conciliatory attitude because they are afraid that will reveal how weak they really are. As for America, now that she is rich and sleek and fat with war profits, she will turn as she always has in the past to conservatism. The Republicans will accuse the Democrats of being Communists. But the Democrats, just to prove how conservative and safe they are, will start a holy crusade against Communism. Both parties will then compete with each other in denouncing Communism, but neither party will be able to limit its denunciations to the idea of Com-

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munism or Communism in the United States, but will denounce Russia at the same time.

Meanwhile, Russia, balked at strategic military points around the globe, will unleash all her fury at America. The President will be denounced as a vicious warmonger and the government will be charged with trying to foist its imperialism on peoples all over the world.

Once this happens, the war of nerves will be on in full force. America will propably make public all its information and charges about the German-Russian non-aggression pact. Russia will counter by laying bare all the secret data about Munich.

Then we come to the third stage—specific incidents leading to war. It could happen in Italy, in France, in Greece, in Turkey, in Palestine, in Czechoslovakia. As America tries to organize all Western Europe, and Russia tries to organize all Eastern Europe, at some point there may be resistance. If Czechslovakia shows any real resistance, the Russians will move in. If Italy shows any real resistance, Americans will move in. And if anything happens on the border between Yugoslavia and Greece, both America and Russia will move in.

Palestine will find Britain with one foot in and the other going out, America with one foot out and the other going in—and Russia with both feet ready to jump in and out at the same time. Europe will have a stake in the outcome of the civil wars in China and India.

* * *

You must see these incidents against the background of the new weapons. At the end of the war, Germany as you know had in its preliminary stages the development of chemical, biological, climatological, and atomic weapons which, if we had only been able to develop them earlier in the war, would have assured victory for us in a matter of hours. We were developing V-2's which could carry explosives over oceans. We were developing submarines which would have blasted New York and Washington off the face of the earth if we had had only six more months. We were developing atomic weapons through heavy water which could have produced radioactive clouds of death covering thousands of miles. We had just perfected and were already manufacturing the greatest weapon of all time when Von Rundstedt opened the gates and allowed the enemy to pour through. This weapon, as you know, was Tabun, a chemical agent that is dispersed in the air in almost infinitesimal quantities and is impossible to detect, but which attacks the brain

(*Continued on page* 33)

Personal History.

At first glance there seems to be little in common between New York City's beloved mayor, Fiorello La Guardia, and James Madison, whose Federal years are covered in the second volume of Brant's continuing biography (reviewed this week). La Guardia, whose memoirs appear below, was a native New Yorker, son of an Army band master, proud of his immigrant parentage, vociferous, and a great showman. Madison was a Virginian of a settled family, a quiet, retiring, scholarly figure, much overshadowed by his versatile friend Jefferson. Yet both men possessed the highest qualities of statesmanship: fairness, integrity, persistence, and a wide-ranging imagination. These are qualities as much needed in American public life as they are rare. And these are qualities which belong, fortunately, to other American statesmen—like Stimson, whose memoirs have also recently been published.

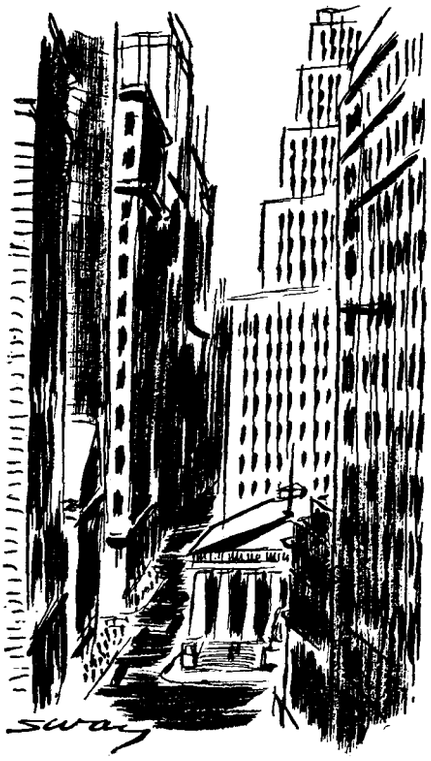
Story of a Great American

THE MAKING OF AN INSURGENT. An Autobiography, 1882-1919. By Fiorello H. La Guardia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 222 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

ALL HIS life Fiorello La Guardia labored and fought valiantly and honorably. Throughout his long and memorable career, he never swerved from the hard path of impeccable personal and public integrity. Always, he hated and crusaded against greed, corruption, misrule, and reaction. As few leaders of his time, he never compromised on what was right, decent, and enlightened.

In "The Making of An Insurgent,"



La Guardia relates simply and quietly how he came to be that way. Without bombast and self-righteousness, and also, surprisingly, without the turbulence that sometimes characterized him, he unfolds in this posthumous autobiography the formative forces and experiences that fathered his indomitable liberalism. This book could well have been titled "The Making of a Great American." That would have been a perfect fit for the profoundly moving story it records and the truly great citizen who wrote it.

It is a sad story, although definitely not doleful reading. There is humor in it, and it is lively and well written. But the sadness arises from the practically unrelieved shabbiness and sordidness that La Guardia encountered throughout his public career, and the fact that his untimely death cut short the completion of his life story and cost the nation a towering liberal champion it could ill spare. It is a real tragedy that this man who was such a great American, and who performed such distinguished service for his country, did not live to serve it further, as only he could. Particularly in these anxious days, when we have been "captured by pygmies."

The book covers La Guardia's career up to his service as an Air Corps Major in World War I. Although he was still a young man, he had already had a widely varied and full life, ranging from the Federal Immigration Service both in the United States and abroad, the odorous garbage can of Manhattan politics, to the no less odorous pits of Capitol Hill in Washington. From the very start he encountered heart-sickening crassness and venality.

As a youth, working as an interpreter in the Immigration Service's Night Court, an older employee told him, "You can get experience in this

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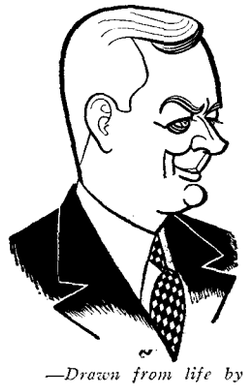
Publisher's Gallery



—Drawn from life by Norkin.

V: Charles Scribner

THERE never was any doubt what Charles Scribner, chief of Charles Scribner's Sons since 1932, was going to be when he grew up. He doesn't recall the subject being bandied in household discussions, but "the influences were all there." So, with an A.B. from Princeton (1913) in hand, he turned up matter-of-factly at the family firm (Grandfather Charles partnered its founding in 1846, Father Charles and Uncles John and Arthur renamed it in 1879) and went to work.

The present Charles Scribner regards the business "as a trusteeship" to be handed down with the hallmark intact: hewing to the belief "publishing is a profession, a career"—"my grandfather and father would whirl in their graves to hear books called merchandise"—, not making sheeps' eyes at rental libraries. Any aura of excessive traditionalism is dissipated by a warm voice, radiant good nature, self-deprecation—"they say it's a good thing to let brains lie fallow for a generation; my father was the family genius [star-spangling the trade list with Barrie, R.L.S., Henry James, Galsworthy, Santayana, Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe] and my son [Charles, Jr., salutatorian Princeton '43], our advertising manager, is a Phi Bete."

Mr. Scribner has elephantiasis of the memory, says an ex-employee. He works in town two evenings a week—"no literary teas, no cocktail parties, no publishers' meetings; I figure other publishers are competitors, so I'm a lone wolf, but a friendly one"—, gladly leaves his native N. Y. for Far Hills, N. J., other nights. He is a Republican, but "not political," a tennis player, a rider to hounds (*Mrs.* S. is joint master of the Essex Fox Hounds), a raiser of Cairns. He hasn't time for reading—"except mss. of all my friends!" —E. P. H.

job, or you can make a lot of money. I don't think you're the kind who will go for the money. But remember this, the test is if you hesitate. Unless you say 'No' right off, the first time an offer comes your way, you're gone." All his life, La Guardia never hesitated. But before he reached Congress, he had an extraordinary education in the ways of men who didn't say "No."

There was the judge who congratulated him on the presentation of his case, but still decided against him. When La Guardia asked why, the judge replied that he'd give him "a break" some other time. "What a hell of a way to dispense justice," La Guardia comments. "This same judge is now on the bench of the New York Supreme Court." Then there was the judge who called over the lawyer for a trolley line and said, "Was it all right, Joe? Don't worry. If they bring in a verdict against you I'll set it aside."

After experiences of this sort, La Guardia studied the system by which judges were selected for nomination, and found that most of them were hand-picked by politicians. When he was mayor he tried to correct the situation, "but did not get much help from the Bar Association."

When he was deputy attorney general of New York, La Guardia brought a case against some large packing houses for violation of a new weights and measures law. When the case was called, State Senator James J. Walker, later Mayor of New York, appeared for the defense. Walker told the court he was author of the law, and knew it was not intended to apply in such cases. Afterwards, when the case had been dismissed and Jimmy and the judge had genially invited him to have a drink, La Guardia asked Walker how he could come into court to defeat his own law. Jimmy replied:

> Fiorello, when are you going to get wise? Why do you suppose we introduce bills? We introduce them sometimes just to kill them. Other times we have to pass a bill. Why are you in the Attorney General's office? You're not going to stay there all your life. You make your connections now, and later you can pick up a lot of dough defending cases you are now prosecuting. The Judge, La Guardia adds, "acquiesced in all that."

La Guardia first got on the Republican ticket for Congress because the leaders in his district had no one else they cared to run. He almost got elected, without their help. But although he deserved the nomination again two years later, he found that a young outsider was slated by the leaders to get it. The fortunate young man's friends had promised a substantial contribution to the party if he was nominated. The young man was Hamilton Fish, but La Guardia was adamant and insisted on making the race anyway. He organized his own campaign and his own watchers, and he won. He got in by 357 votes, and his final disillusionment came when he got back to Republican headquarters and overheard an official there apologizing to the Democratic precinct leader and assuring him they had done nothing to help La Guardia. "An apology for my victory instead of congratulations! Those are just some of the little things that have made me an incurable insurgent," relates La Guardia.

And he found no improvement, as he went higher up the ladder.

> [In Congress] "I saw how easy it was to exploit public office to get law business. . . . Even lawyers tried to retain me to appear in Government cases or before Government departments. Members of Congress, of course, are forbidden by law to engage in such practice. However, strangely enough, a great deal of it was going on during the seven terms I served in the House of Representatives."

La Guardia arrived in Washington in time to hear Woodrow Wilson deliver his war message, and his story of it is a vivid one. In uniform himself, before his first term was over, the new Congressman obviously enjoyed cutting Army red tape right and left and promising to pass a law if anyone made trouble about it. He has scathing words for the Liberty Motor scandal and equally scathing jibes at the Army medical service.

La Guardia's book should be required reading in every political science course, and in every law course. It is disillusioning, but it demonstrates what one determined individual can do against the system, both by way of personal advancement and in cleaning things up.

Originally scheduled for publication on May 12, "The Making of an Insurgent" is to be published on May 19.

If to the Aconites

By Christine Turner Curtis

AND IF to the aconites, other noons
bring other lovers, leaning in awe
above those cylices of gold,
ribbed with faint viridian veins;
and other voices, two by two,
marvel at that burning ore
minted from mounds of snow . . .

well, it is obvious, is it not
that clockwise the sure seasons move;
the hours from ice to aconite
only the shadows can compute;
petals catch fire, and petals drop;
and bitter or sweet, the cup of love
is rudely dashed from the lip.

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Seven Years with U.S. President No. 4

JAMES MADISON: THE NATIONALIST, 1780-1787. By Irving Brant. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 484 pp. $6.

Reviewed by L. H. BUTTERFIELD

CERTAINLY one of the ablest among American statesmen, James Madison is just as certainly one of the least colorful. Though he did much and said much that counted during a long career in posts of responsibility, he neither did nor said nor suffered anything that caused the American people to take him to their hearts and, therefore, to be curious enough to read about him as they do about some of his lesser contemporaries, say John Paul Jones. But Madison was not a dull or prosy person. He said and did some exceedingly memorable things —that are not remembered. The answer to this puzzle may lie in the fact that he was so constantly in the company of people of more pronounced traits of mind or personality, traits that could be taken hold of by hostile or friendly journalists and later by anecdotists, biographers, and the writers of textbooks. Around Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Patrick Henry, and even Dolly Madison folklore has accumulated. But I know of none associated with James Madison except as Dolly's husband.

All this may merely be begging the question. At any rate Mr. Brant started his researches years ago on the correct assumption that Madison's contribution to his country's establishment and growth was ill-recognized. The first fruit of his efforts was published as "Madison: The Virginia Revolutionist," in 1941, covering his subject's family background, education at Princeton, and fledgling years in Virginia Revolutionary politics. The present volume, opening in March 1780, when Madison arrived at Philadelphia to take his seat as a Virginia delegate in Congress, extends to the eve of the Federal Convention in the same city seven years later. This is a long volume for a seven-year span in the life of a legislator. In it the biographer has conceded nothing to popular taste. The treatment may fairly be called exhaustive.

The first four of these seven years Madison spent in Congress, where he achieved a record for continuous attendance that should have shamed the other members of that dilatory body. Mr. Brant devotes the first three-quarters of his volume to these four years. A vast variety and quantity of the work of Congress came Madison's way, for he had two qualities that were recognized by everyone: integrity and a willingness to pull the laboring oar in all kinds of weather. The present chapters on some of the tangled issues of the Confederation period, such as the public lands question ("Heritage or Spoils"), the instructions to our peace commissioners, and the multifold problems of a Federal revenue, are among the fullest and most lucid expositions of their respective subjects that have been written. Under the exasperating restrictions of the Articles of Confederation, in "a Federal union," as Mr. Brant says, "where a titmouse equaled an elephant," Madison labored with dignity and considerable success for the cause of national unity. He believed fervently that

> the citizens of the United States are responsible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society. If justice, good faith, honor, gratitude, and all the other qualities which ennoble the character of a nation, and fulfill the ends of government, be the fruits of our establishments, the cause of liberty will acquire a dignity and luster which it has never yet enjoyed; and an example will be set which cannot but have the most favorable influence on the rights of mankind.

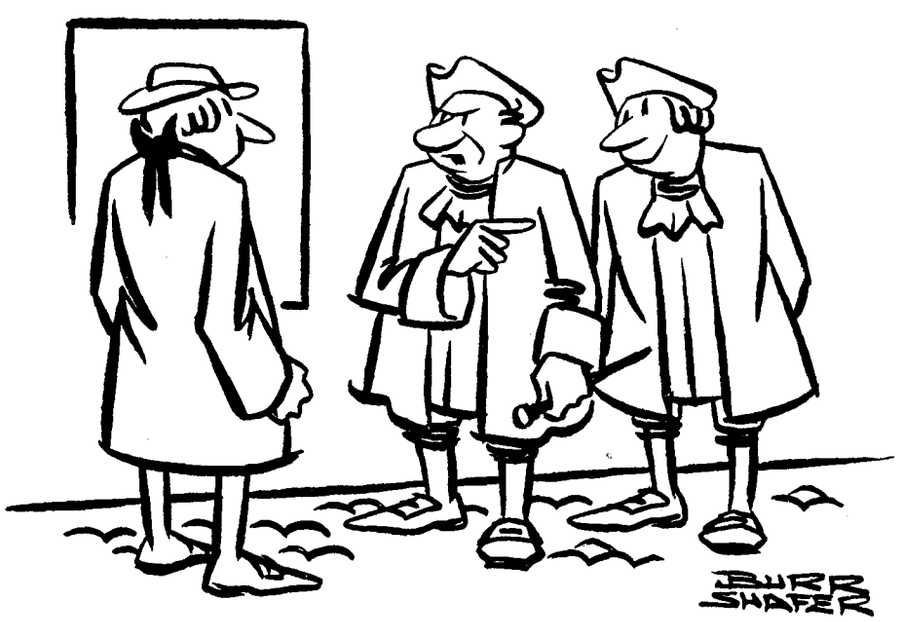
But should the contrary occur,

> the great cause which we have engaged to vindicate will be dishonored and betrayed; the last and fairest experiment in favor of the rights of human nature will be turned against them, and their patrons and friends exposed to be insulted and silenced by the votaries of tyranny and usurpation.

This, from Congress's address to the states pleading for support of the revenue plan of 1783 (which was also drawn up by Madison), is a specimen of how memorably Madison could write. It is a great state paper lost in the arid stretches of "The Journals of the Continental Congress."

Holding fast to this belief, and rigorously schooled in both the literature of government and the methods of parliamentary infighting, Madison entered the Federal Convention superbly equipped for the work which was to prove his greatest achievement.

He had, meanwhile, done effective work in the Virginia Assembly in carrying forward Jefferson's reform program, most notably in securing the passage of the Bill for Religious Freedom; he had attended the Annapolis Convention of 1786; and he had persuaded George Washington to join the Virginia delegation to the Federal Convention that had sprung from the seemingly abortive meeting at Annapolis. Madison even had a little personal life during these seven years—farming, studying natural history, and traveling with Lafayette to a conference with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix. One short chapter in this book tells more than has hitherto been known about a broken love affair in 1783. This episode is all the more poignant in its incongruity with the surrounding chapters that detail the work of a "committee to whom was referred the report of a committee." In this careful study Madison appears, as before, but more clearly and impressively, as the scholarly and devoted public servant, more the American than the Virginian, and the most constructive statesman of our critical period.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And I can prove it by Baron Munchausen here!"

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Salad Days with French Dressing

WITH MUCH LOVE. By Anne Green. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 276 pp. $3.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

HERE is another book of reminiscences of life with mother and father, but Mamma and Papa Green were a far cry from the substantial, humorless, arrogant Mr. Day and his mild lady. Anne Green, herself well known as a novelist, and the sister of Julian, writes with affection and amiable extravagance of her expatriate family; cheerful, improvident Papa with his gentle wit and good spirits, and volatile, abusive, unpredictable Mamma, transplanted from Savannah of the 1870's to France, flung by financial disaster from a comfortable world of Southern affluence into a very different environment of struggle and penury in a strange land. Papa, it is true, had had a rather cosmopolitan bringing up and was not unacquainted with European life; like many rich young men of his time he had studied abroad, and had lived for a while in Hamburg and Barcelona.

When, in 1877, he was brought home again to Savannah he came trailing clouds of foreign glamor and elegance, but to say that he swept Mary Hartridge off her feet is overstatement. This belle of the cotillions led him a merry chase until she finally made up her mind to marry him, and even then it took several tempestuous months for her to realize that she was madly in love with him. She remained in love with him all their years together, as he with her, and their daughter pictures them here as she remembers them, still tempestuous, still romantic, quarreling, laughing, getting fearfully exasperated with each other and their brood of seven children, talking endlessly to their fascinated audience of the old days at home. "They gave us," she says, "a perfect childhood." It is a handsome tribute. Less spirited and captivating parents could not have done so, because many of those years in France were difficult and bleak. But Edward and Mary Green managed to maintain through all the precarious, hand-to-mouth days, with seven children to feed and clothe on an infinitesimal salary, a warm atmosphere of gaiety and well-being, an emotional security when there was no material security whatever.

Anne Green's story of the family's life in Paris around the turn of the century and up to the time of the First World War is written with cheerful hyperbole and much charm. Mamma and Papa occupy the center of the stage, the numerous children appear in varying degrees of color and shadow as their personalities impressed themselves on the narrator. One of them, Charles, went to live in America when Anne was very small; two of them, Rhetta and Lucy, were inconspicuously nice little girls. Eleanor and Mary, says their candid sister, were wicked from start to finish; Julian stands out boldly because of his extremely good behavior; she herself, she reports, had quite a reputation as a sanctimonious monster. In any event, the crowded flat on the Rue Khumkorff was a lively place. Mamma, like the old woman who lived in the shoe, was inclined to spank them all soundly and send them to bed whenever possible. She was maddened by their gabbling a mixture of French and English, she cuffed them about and shooed them out from underfoot with affectionate ill temper, and they all adored her. She budgeted, managed, dressed them in weird hand-me-downs donated by more affluent relatives and friends, quarreled with them ferociously, and understood them perfectly.

The carefree Paris of the early nineteen hundreds was not such a bad place to be poor in at that. They went to the Bazaar and brought home wonderful bargains for a few sous; they went to the Paris Exposition where they were nearly frightened to death by the lurid waxworks; they trooped along with Papa and Mamma through the Bois on Sunday afternoons, they sat with them in the sidewalk cafes and heard the fiery arguments over the Dreyfus case. Occasionally friends from America dropped in, and were regally entertained, as befitted Mamma's and Papa's heritage of Southern hospitality, even though it took the last of the next week's money.

The family fortunes bettered eventually, and they moved from the shabby quarters on the Rue Khumkorff to a house with a garden, and later to a series of more and more luxurious apartments. But it is the turbulent early days that Anne Green recreates with the greatest zest. And the most appealing and enduring memory of all is the picture of Papa and Mamma, seated side by side talking:

> They always had an audience. Their long conversations relating to a surprising American past went straight into the ears of children playing on the floor, lying behind the sofa with a book, picking out a tune on the piano. We loved to listen. . . . I think they hoped, by making us familiar with so many details of their past, to draw us into it. . . . To be truthful, they talked too because they loved talking. Reminiscences of the past are doubly sweet in a foreign land. Whatever their purpose they succeeded in filling us with love. Their memories and the spectacle of their daily lives, the rosewood furniture, and a perfect childhood were our inheritance.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

LINES FROM TENNYSON

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Conn., submits twenty familiar lines from Tennyson, each from a different poem. Can you name the poems from which they were taken? Allowing five points for each correct identification, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 25.

1. Across the walnuts and the wine.
2. Kind hearts are more than coronets.
3. The spacious times of great Elizabeth.
4. I am a part of all that I have met.
5. The old order changeth, yielding place to new.
6. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
7. O for the touch of a vanished hand.
8. Men may come and men may go.
9. His honor rooted in dishonor stood.
10. 'Tis better to have loved and lost.
11. Theirs not to reason why.
12. Father will come to his babe in the nest.
13. I hope to meet my Pilot face to face.
14. A haunt of ancient Peace.
15. You must wake and call me early.
16. My strength is as the strength of ten.
17. In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.
18. It is the little rift within the lute.
19. He that wrongs his friends wrongs himself more.
20. The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

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The World.

With the world in crisis and Russia at the heart of it, a journey perilous through that country must not be taken lightly, as Louis Fischer indicates here in his review of Steinbeck's and Capa's "A Russian Journal." . . . Out of the debate over Russia and the United Nations has come at least a widening belief in some form of world government as the only alternative to chaos. Crane Brinton's "From Many One" and Paul McGuire's "Experiment in World Order" represent a conservative, evolutionary view of the possibility of world government in the future. Although advocates of world government agree on the objective, they often differ on the means to be used. Contrasted with the position of Professor Brinton is the bolder stand of the World Federalist group, best represented in last year's "Peace or Anarchy" by Cord Meyer, Jr.

Conducted USSR Tour

A RUSSIAN JOURNAL. By John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 220 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

HAS ANYBODY the right to write a book? Is an author justified in turning out a book simply because he is sure his publisher will publish it? I am inclined to think that this volume should have been suppressed by Steinbeck. Or perhaps he should have surrendered all the excellent heavy paper to Capa's marvelous photographs (one would have liked three hundred instead of only seventy) and limited himself to a few lines of text for each picture. This book was conceived in cocktails and nurtured prenatally with a ghastly volume of vodka and wine and an indecent amount of food. I do not know what stimulated the actual writing but it certainly wasn't loyalty to the original intention of reporting on the "private life of the Russian people."

Under the influence of several green suisses served by Willy at the bar of the New Bedford hotel in New York, Steinbeck and Capa decided that too much had been printed about what the Soviet leaders were thinking and doing and too little about the "private life of the Russian people." "No one wrote about it," Steinbeck complained. Well, in all these 220 big pages there is not a single private conversation between the author and a plain, private Soviet citizen. On the rare occasions he went into a home it was always crowded with visitors who had come for a feast.

Of course, Steinbeck and Capa do not speak Russian so they had to talk through a Soviet government translator, and no Soviet citizen would speak freely in such circumstances. But the book contains no evidence that Steinbeck even tried, despite the interpreter, to get a Soviet workingman or peasant or intellectual to express himself on the problems of private life in the Soviet Union. Most conversations recorded in the book were at public dinners or in groups and then the Russians all orated like *Pravda* editorials. So did officials and prominent authors he met individually. In cases where they spoke English, Steinbeck did not probe at all into matters like friendship, family relations between persons under a dictatorship, relations of persons to the dictatorship, relations of the artist to the state, freedom of speech, of movement, of conscience, etc. Usually they talked about the danger of war and then Steinbeck elicited nice Kremlin cliches.

Steinbeck writes that the American journalists resident in Moscow cannot travel outside the city without special permission, which is rarely if ever granted. Now some of these correspondents are consistently pro-Soviet. Did it occur to Steinbeck why he was allowed to travel through the country though they are not? They could, since they know Russian, establish direct contact with Russians and look into their hearts and minds and really study their private lives. Therefore, they are forbidden to move from Moscow or to maintain friendly contacts with Moscovites.

Steinbeck received permission to go about the country because the authorities knew he couldn't learn anything, surrounded as he was by translators, officials, and big-shot writers who knew what to tell him. This being the case, Steinbeck might have come back to New York and said, "I went to do a really important and revealing book, but I didn't get enough material, so I'll just write a few newspaper articles and pay back the publishers' advance, if any, from the royalties of my next novel."

"Surely it is superficial," Steinbeck admits in his last paragraph, "and how could it be otherwise?" Correct. "We know that this journal will not be satisfactory either to the ecclesiatical Left, nor to the *lumpen* Right. The first will say it is anti-Russian, and the second that it is pro-Russian." This statement reflects the grave error of many fellow-travellers who think that America is either Left or Right. As a matter of fact, neither the Communists nor the Fascists count for

—*Capa photo from the book.*

Stalingrad, a raving ruin—". . . in groups the Russians all orated like *Pravda* editorials."

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much without dupes from the Center, which constitutes the political bulk of the nation. The Center in the United States has a healthy curiosity about the Russian people and, I think, a friendly attitude to it (but not to Stalin's dictatorship), and it would have been satisfied with something that was informative, that had facts, opinions, insights, interpretations. They are wanting in this book.

Steinbeck wished to be fair, and with the exception of very few lapses he is fair. My objection is not that the book is too pro-Russian or too anti-Russian. It just isn't Russian enough. I haven't taken the trouble to count the lines, but my guess is that more space is devoted to Steinbeck's intake of liquor and food and to his teasing of Capa than to any aspect of Soviet life. These personal angles highlight the great Steinbeck's "Russian Journal." I suspect that a Russian would be offended by the treatment his wonderful country received at the hands of this American celebrity. And the cynics who directed Steinbeck's tour will laugh. But they should cry. For this is the chaff Russia will get as long as those who could do better are denied access to the Soviet population.

Soviet citizens would be charmed to learn of Steinbeck's main conclusion: he discovered that people are people. STEINBECK REVEALS RUSSIANS ARE HUMAN BEINGS. That's the big story of the book. Terrific. But what goes on inside them he never attempted to ascertain.

"A Russian Journal" is not a portrait of the Russian people. It is merely a portrait of the American artist turned police reporter in a police state. The only thing added is the daily banquet.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 256

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 256 will be found in the next issue.

GBK SPDWFCQ, RFK WBH PDT,

DL ZCDTQ. NPTQL CFLLQWW

WBHQWW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 255

Knowledge of human nature is the beginning and end of political education.

HENRY ADAMS.

Sovereign Nation-States Transcended

EXPERIMENT IN WORLD ORDER. By Paul McGuire. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 412 *pp.* $4.

FROM MANY ONE. By Crane Brinton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 126 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by JOHN A. KROUT

THESE volumes deserve a prominent place on the steadily lengthening shelf of books devoted to the problem of world government. Both authors are deeply concerned with the possibilities of political integration; and each approaches the subject with full appreciation of its difficulties—an appreciation derived from long study of the processes of history. When they present their ideas, however, the lines of similarity fade out.

Mr. McGuire is discursive and entertaining, rambling along many bypaths and then doubling back onto the main road at points which he has already passed. The reader often wishes that he had a map, so that he could determine just how the land lies and how far he has really progressed. In contrast, Mr. Brinton's argument is brief, incisive, and persuasive—so persuasive that the students at Pomona College, who heard him deliver the lectures which form the core of this book, must have been impressed by the manner as well as the matter of his discourse.

To Mr. McGuire, an Australian whose perception of the stakes of diplomacy was first sharpened in Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific, the United Nations is merely a "political gadget" with certain potential uses but with no prospects of ever unfolding into a world community. It is not an organic entity. Artificially created and mechanically operated, it has the unmistakable features of a piece of machinery. In sharp contrast stands the British System, slowly growing over the centuries into the British Commonwealth of Nations, the nearest that mankind has yet approached to world order. Its supranational character, resting upon an amazing variety of social groups and relationships, of religions and cultures, is the phenomenon which America should study; for it has clues to the type of social and economic unity that is now the one alternative to chaos.

Though Mr. McGuire discusses more than four centuries of British history with much wit and good sense, he offers few clues in that story which point the way toward the future. He does, however, have certain prescriptions which could probably have been written without a detailed examination of the evolution of the British System. We must, he believes, "shake off the notion that any State is in fact absolutely sovereign and independent." We must have a larger measure of cooperation between the British and American peoples, that they may work "for the growth of a great supranational economy and community." Such combined effort would require the creation of an "Open Society," with freer exchange of ideas, commodities, and people among all the world's communities. How this ideal is to be realized is not made clear. When Mr. McGuire is attacking the dragon of nationalism, he is clear-headed and precise; when he tries to state what will follow the death of that monster, he seems to be only hopeful and excited.

There is much of the laboratory method about Mr. Brinton's attempt "to set his own mind straight" on the perennial question of war or peace. Using the examples of the Roman Empire at its height and of medieval France moving toward national unity, he analyzes the process of political integration as a proper introduction to the problem of world government; and he is right in his insistence that the best method of promoting the cause of peace today is to study carefully "the ways in which governments able to keep peace within a given area

Beyond the Mountains

By Edith Warner Johnson

SILENCE of the unmoving air—
Silence of the brief, unwavering light—
Sunlight and moonlight in the valley,
The strong, bold mountains a shield against the night.

Interlude of peace where no footstep falls,
Where no voice calls
But the silence, silence as deep and wide as night.

Tremor beneath the feet
Faint as a star shaken in its orbit,
Tremor of the heart-beat.

When the assault breaks through the mountains,
When the mountains fall,
Where then will the treasure hide,
Where will abide
That ephemeral element for which mankind has died?

Where but in the spirit—
The aura of its breath
Ascending beyond the mountains,
Beyond death.

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have been set up, and above all the ways in which such governments have been able to extend the areas within which peace obtains." If the process of world unity in the future is similar to that in the past, it will move slowly, deriving its strength from a mixture of force and consent, of imperialism and federalism. Its product will be a political entity, with a symbolic head, a loyal elite in administrative control, and "a general population at least mildly loyal to the new unit, and sufficiently autonomous to be free from chronic and ingrowing nationalism." Such a "model" bears slight resemblance to the methods and goal of those who are now working so hard to convert the United Nations into a world government.

When Mr. Brinton chides world federationists for their failure to study the ways in which political integration has been achieved in the past, he is quarreling with their methods rather than with their objectives. While he thinks that no world state will be established either by force or consent in the immediate future, he denies that the maintenance of the competitive nation-state system is desirable in itself. Reacting against extremists who preach either world peace or world ruin, he points out the sensible way which uses man's past achievement to gauge the possibilities of his future. His thoughtful warning to the excessively optimistic should not discourage but rather heighten the spirit of all who work, patiently and intelligently, for some political union transcending the sovereign nation state.

Prescription for Peace

—*Burck in the* Chicago Times.

"The Hero Had Better Hurry!"

THE LAST DEFENSE. By H. J. Heinz, II, and J. Iorgy. New York: Duell Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 194 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

HERE is a book that says many good and true things, yet is so contradictory in places that it makes the reader wince. Its aim is beyond quibble: it aims at peace. In final analysis, it advocates measures that have been advocated for more than two thousand years. Tolerance is one of its theses. Faith is another. Humanity and an end to selfishness is the ultimate prescription. Men of good will have been advocating those qualities to their fellow men for a long, long time. Yet, such is the irony of human action, wars have been fought over divergent faiths, and generous nations have been forced into war to save themselves from selfish national policies.

As with all such discussions, this one comes up against the problem of making the generalities concrete and workable. Nobody in the world, I am sure, will deny the desirability of such basic matters as faith or ideals. But the rub comes when you get down to which faith, which ideals. One needs no long memory to recall the vigor with which the various Russians have pleaded for and defended "democracy," only to insist that the one defensible form of democracy is the Russian form, which does not in the least resemble what we think of as being meant by the word "democracy."

In fact, the Russians could endorse large sections of this book, on their own terms. Aren't they being unselfish in giving their form of government, their order of society, and their type of economic control to other countries? Aren't they firm in their faith in world Communism? By their own definition, they are humanitarians, even though free men know that their "humanity" means tyranny of the most ruthless sort. But that is what happens when you write or speak in generalities which can be twisted to each man's chosen meaning.

In the end, the writers of this book come down to youth and young-thinking age as the one hope for the future. Yet even there the language is fuzzy—"fundamentals and real aims . . . hidden motivation . . . forces of peace . . . ideals with means . . . the better world of tomorrow."

Humanity? Yes, we need more humanity, individually and as nations. Selfishness? Certainly, we have suffered from selfishness, which breeds corruption and terror and destitution and war; away with selfishness! Faith? If we had only a little faith in the force of good and the virtues of lasting peace, and if we could endow similar faith elsewhere in the world, we could look forward hopefully to an increasingly better future.

We believe in these things, wholeheartedly. We need more who believe in them. Any book which promotes them is admirable in its purpose, and if it persuades a hundred readers it will have helped. Unfortunately, this book is not going to promote an international recantation of doubt and greed. Its heart is in the right place, but its tongue gets twisted too often to be moving or lastingly persuasive.

Gray Mother

By Hassoldt Davis

NO ONE will follow us, mother of death,
gray mother. None are our servitors.
No one will stumble along the dark walls
where we livened in peace, in a space
as familial as atoms must live in,
in their bright houses, invidious, evil,
and closed to us.

Had we been close in this mutual womb of us,
suckling of blood which was life
and not death to us, mother, gray mother,
the cord of our dreaming would curve now
and bind to us this house alive in a world
undivided, its back to the hills
and repellent to space.

Mother, gray mother, we can bequeath you
no more than you left to us,
gnawed on and spat in the cellar, the womb:
seeds, the loose scissors, the glue gliding
stingily, whispers and etchings of comic
goodbyes.

Salve us, your lemmings, with peace
as we crawl in our masses of death to the sea.

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Election Year. *Favorite sport of Americans in election year is watching for the dark horses. We realize, of course, that Eisenhower has quite sincerely bowed himself out; nevertheless, there is always that dark chance. "Eisenhower Speaks," reviewed below, is therefore timely. . . . Books with a bearing on the election are multiplying fast. Last November saw Stassen's "Where I Stand"; last month Wallace's "Toward World Peace." "Pro" books on President Truman are last year's "Harry Truman" by William P. Helm, and the coming "Harry Truman: President" by McNaughton and Hehmeyer. On the "con" side is the lugubriously titled "The Inside Story of the Pendergast Machine by the Man Who Smashed It" by Maurice Milligan, while the Republican record is attacked in Karl Schriftgiesser's recent "This Was Normalcy."*

Taking Ike's Measurements

EISENHOWER SPEAKS. By Rudolph Treuenfels. New York: Farrar & Strauss. 1948. 299 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ALLEN

THIS is a valuable book in the current hectic Presidential scramble. It sheds revealing light on the most intriguing personality in that melee. General Dwight D. Eisenhower has made a great many speeches since his return as a conquering hero in the summer of 1945. He has talked before a wide range of forums, from the CIO to the DAR and the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Each address was a carefully prepared manuscript. But outside of sketchy newspaper summaries, there has not been available a complete file of these important measures of the man.

Rudolph Treuenfels's "Eisenhower Speaks" supplies this need. For the first time, this book presents in handy form a complete collection of Eisenhower's public utterances. They reveal a great deal, both in what he said and what he didn't say. Positively, they reveal a breadth of world consciousness and an abhorrence of war that is remarkable for a professional military man. Eisenhower talks about the vileness and futility of war with a passion that can only come from deep inner feeling. Negatively, they disclose a marked lack of familiarity with purely domestic problems. It is possible, of course, that Eisenhower's practically total silence on these subjects was due to the fact that as Chief of Staff he did not consider it proper to venture into this explosive arena. That explanation would certainly be valid. But, at the same time, there still appears to be something more behind his silence than merely official restraint. There is a feeling throughout these speeches that Eisenhower is in strange waters when it comes to domestic affairs, and that he doesn't discuss them because of that fact. But for this, too, there is a valid justification. Until very recently, of course, his whole preoccupation had been in an entirely different orbit.

Yet, despite his silence on specific issues, Eisenhower gives certain clues to his underlying trend of thinking that are very significant; clues that explain, on one hand, the coolness and suspicion of the Republican bosses toward him, and, on the other hand, the enthusiasm of many liberals and labor leaders for him.

One of these clues is Eisenhower's frequent reference to Woodrow Wilson and use of quotations from him. That certainly did not escape the wary eyes of the Old Guarders. Another equally disquieting clue to them must have been his fulsome acclaim of Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he characterized as "God-given" and endowed with indomitable courage and towering idealism. Also, Eisenhower's declaration to veterans that "you are entitled to a better world than the one into which you were born" must have raised many alarmed eyebrows among the Pews and Grundys. Similarly, his statement "I do not differentiate among soldiers. I do not say white soldiers or Negro soldiers. . . . I have had a task that makes me look upon soldiers as soldiers," must have made the bigots of both parties see red.

This is not the kind of talk that party rulers like to hear. It isn't "safe." And it certainly is strange, coming from a military man, of all people.

But, strangest of all, is Eisenhower's impassioned condemnation of war and pleas for peace. In practically every speech he stresses this deep feeling within him. While other military chieftains are talking of "the coming war," Eisenhower speaks of the necessity for international cooperation.

"We should be ready to defend our rights," he declares, "but we should be considerate, and recognize the rights of the other man." Again, "As I see it, peace is an absolute necessity to the world. Civilization itself, in the face of another catastrophe such as we have faced in the last three years, would tremble, possibly decay and be destroyed." And again, "Occasionally, we hear predictions as to how and where and why the next war should be fought. Such talk is more than foolish; it is vicious. Men acquainted with the battlefield will not be found among the numbers that talk glibly of another war."

In his ringing cries for the need to end war, Eisenhower has talked more convincingly than any other man in the two old parties today. Which may explain the mystery of his tremendous hold on the imagination of the American people.

Pictorial Galaxy

PRESIDENTS ON PARADE. By Hirst D. Milhollen and Milton Kaplan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 425 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

BY ALL portents the coming Presidential campaign seems destined to be the liveliest since 1932. To appease some of the electorate's curiosity about the office at stake the Messrs. Milhollen and Kaplan are presenting in "Presidents on Parade" a pictorial history of the Republic's thirty-two Chief Executives. They have ransacked the Library of Congress, of which they are staff members, as well as the holdings of the White House, the National Gallery of Art, and other collections, to discover the 426 photographs, prints, and paintings which make up this handsome album. Most of the illustrations are rare enough to stir the interest of specialists in American history; more average readers will find them all engrossing. The publishers have reproduced them well,

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one on each of the volume's large pages.

Beginning with George Washington and proceeding chronologically if not climactically to Harry S. Truman, the authors offer approximately a dozen pictures about each President. First comes a formal portrait of the Man as President (usually leaning solemnly against a table or chair-arm). Next follows a picture of the Presidential birthplace (most Presidents were born in humble habitats, and seven actually first saw the light of day in log cabins). After that come a portrait of his First Lady (in selecting a wife, most Presidents obviously place charm ahead of beauty); depictions of memorable episodes in his pre-White House career (the twelve Presidents with notable military records provide the most animated pictures); cartoons and posters circulated during his Presidential campaign (artistic techniques and typographical styles change, but the fundamental ways of appealing to the electorate remain constant); glimpses of the White House and the National Capital during his Presidency (the vicissitudes of both through the years are suprising); portraits of the Cabinet assembled around its Chief (Cabinets come and Cabinets go, but they all look gravely alike); the Presidential death scene (if the end comes while the President is abed the picture is likely to be stereotyped, while assassinations permit more spirited illustrations); and last of all, the President's final resting place (F. D. Roosevelt's grave is a model of simple beauty, while Garfield's is one of the ugliest monuments in America). Thus, besides providing the citizen with an hour of patriotic entertainment, "Presidents on Parade" tells him something about the evolution of the esthetic taste and political mores of the people of these United States.

Unfortunately, the captions supplied by the Messrs. Milhollen and Kaplan do not measure up to the standard of their pictures. These are so meager that they leave many of the important figures in the illustrations unidentified. They do not explain adequately the story behind the pictures. The latter shortcoming results from the authors' stated policy of "purposely refraining from discussing political issues"—which is certainly a strange one for historians of the nation's most important political office. Nowadays even the writers of school textbooks, a notoriously cautious lot, point out—as the Messrs. Milhollen and Kaplan fail to do—that Grant and Harding and the series of ciphers who occupied the White House in the decades before the Civil War do not belong in the same league with Jefferson and Lincoln.

Fiction.

For a change of pace, three of the books reviewed this week are comfortable to read: nobody comes to a tragic end. In "Tobias Brandywine," Dan Wickenden's fifth novel, a "little-man-what-now" becomes the good fairy who irons out the troubles of a tyrannical Senator's family. "Parris Mitchell of King's Row" is Henry Bellamann's posthumous continuation of his popular "King's Row," brought to completion by his wife, Catherine. Dr. Mitchell's adventures in patching up his patients' lives are marked by gentleness and common sense. Dawn Powell's "The Locusts Have No King" laughs at Greenwich Village coteries that hide in the crannies of the lesser arts and at a scholarly esthete who bursts into the world of best sellers, publicity hounds, and lady wolves. The fourth book, bringing together four of H. F. Heard's fantasy stories, is intended for the increasing army of readers who have a predilection for dwelling in the midst of supernatural horrors and mechanical marvels.

Emotionally Undernourished Household

TOBIAS BRANDYWINE. By Dan Wickenden. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 366 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

"I DO NOT know what happiness is," retorted the French novelist, Colette, in answer to the challenge of a questionnaire concerning the great mysteries of human experience. "Happiness without unhappiness is not complete." It is perhaps because her work is informed by this mature and discerning philosophy that Colette, better than any novelist of our time, has been able to write the comedy of intimate human relations without ever seeming to be either heartless or facetious. An American writer who appears to have come into possession of Colette's philosophy of comedy is Dan Wickenden. His fourth novel, "Tobias Brandywine," is a book of very great charm.

A conscientious reviewer should hesitate to use that word. To his ear it carries the distressing overtone of shrill, insistent, spinsterish laughter. Professional charm is often nervous, unstable, and unapologetically mendacious. With indecent haste it makes every coquettish concession to the faith of the fatuous, that "life can be beautiful." The strain of upholding that principle for the 300 pages of a charming novel is seldom rewarding.

—*Joy Griffin West.*

Dan Wickenden — "His flourishes of fantasy are ingenious."

Wisely, Dan Wickenden subjects himself to no such strain. What he has done is to write a solid novel of American family life, covering nine years of challenge, change, and crisis, during the Depression, and then to impose upon that material the filagree design of whimsicality. His flourishes of fantasy are ingenious, but he does not use them as a justification for telling amiable, irritating lies about human psychology.

The slight, deliberate blurring of the sharp edge of reality is tacitly acknowledged at the very start, with the first appearance of the little man who chooses to answer to the improbable name, Tobias Brandywine. He comes, like the figure in Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," at a moment when he is acutely needed. For everyone living in the moldering grandeur of Senator Windrow's mansion is vaguely miserable. Mr. Brandywine, who has come with his own tragedy, stays on and on to let his benign, hypnotic power of understanding cure the Windrows of their sense of insecurity.

Their affliction is that they have allowed the Senator, whose blindness has made him a kind of stoic god among them, to keep them permanently on the level of childish dependence. A middle-aged son gives his time to occupations he knows to be futile and cannot bring himself to propose to the woman he languidly

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loves. A spinster daughter distracts herself from boredom by making the random movements of play appropriate to an infant. Another daughter drifts toward disaster in her marriage; her two children are lonely, inhibited, and full of fear.

Mr. Brandywine's task is the unfreezing of these human monuments to decorum set up in the dreary mausoleum of the Senator's house. The least aggressive of all possible gods out of the machine, Mr. Brandywine accomplishes what he must do by his fastidious and compassionate awareness of these crises. Into the rigid pattern of the Windrows' life he manages to introduce little hints of the pleasures of the unexpected and the irresponsible. He presently succeeds in sending the bachelor son off to Mexico, from which stronghold of irresponsibility (or so the accepted legend runs) he returns with a beard and with spirits so exhilarated that he presently makes a happy marriage. With him he brings a delightfully improbable creature, Crispin Flannery, who thaws the frozen edges of the spinster's heart.

When the various phases of the depression threaten life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in marriage, the influence of Mr. Brandywine is able to deflect tragedy. It is the essence of his quiet wisdom to let a little creative imagination improvise its comedian's way through the unyielding rigidities of situation.

Here, then, is a skillfully retouched portrait of family life in America. The grim lines are softened; the highlights are romantic and discreet. But to his charm Dan Wickenden has sacrificed nothing of psychological truth. He has examined the "perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart" of the adolescent with much more discernment and honesty than Tarkington ever achieved. He has played with the frustrations of emotionally undernourished people with a graciousness that never collapses into sentimentality. Indeed, in the uncrowded realm of civilized high comedy Dan Wickenden has had a distinguished success. Because he makes so palatable a blend of sensibility, gusto, and wit, he is likely to have a popular success as well.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 737)

J. M. BARRIE:
TO MRS. THOMAS HARDY

Don't be surprised if you see my pipe again. I did not abandon it for good but just to watch myself squirming for a time without it with the hope of being temperate presently (though I was never good at being temperate in anything).

Tales of the Fantastic

THE LOST CAVERN. By H. F. Heard. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 262 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

H. F. HEARD made his debut with "A Taste for Honey," a detective story with a really original approach, and he continues to write unusual mysteries and, as in the present volume, tales of the fantastic. But his work is coming to approach nearer and nearer to the religious and metaphysical interests of his *alter ego*, Gerald Heard. For some time, Gerald Heard's great thesis has been that man has reached the peak of his physical evolution and must now consciously evolve further along psychic lines. H. F. Heard is fond of warning us that if we do not learn to behave ourselves we shall touch off something that will adapt us to our environment in a way that we shall not like; and, sharing with Aldous Huxley an interest in biological speculation, he likes to present alternative evolutions, imagining that if some other creature than the monkey had developed human intelligence, it might have far surpassed us in other ways. Thus in a previous book an explorer was confronted by a race of superpenguins, who told him that in turning the upper limb into an arm and hand, man had gained the intellect, but that in making it a wing, birds had gained much deeper emotional and imaginative faculties.

In the title story of the present volume, an explorer finds his way into a cave tenanted by a race of enormous bats, with an intelligence equal to that of humans; they have the power of flight, and by bringing together the claws of the huge hands that are their wings, they can handle things as well. There is no moral to this story; we can scarcely be expected to turn ourselves into bats at this time of day; and when the bats, who communicate with the explorer by picture-writing, reach the point of trying to convey something of importance, he is baffled, and so is the reader. Perhaps wisely, we are given no idea of the bat's philosophy; but in his account of a physique that is all heart and lungs, a metabolism that depends more on oxygen than on food, a race that flied walking upright through the air, Mr. Heard shows a rare power of genuine imagination.

The title story is the only one of the four here included which can be said to have no moral—although there was no moral to "The Thaw Plan" when it appeared in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* with a different and considerably happier ending. Just as Mr. Heard's super-bats are an improvement on his super-penguins, so "The Great Thaw" is an echo and an improvement of an earlier story, "The Great Fog."

In that tale, you may remember, a piece of perfectly innocent biological research produced a mutation which in time precipitated all the moisture in the atmosphere into a dense and eternal fog; man adapted himself because he had to, resigned himself to groping about near his own door, and developed the only possible art, that of music. The moral of that, which was plainly drawn, was that at the price of a perpetually chilly and monotonous existence, man had been saved from war and from the other consequences of his own ingenuity. It was difficult to be quite satisfied with that, for the reason that the experiment which drew down the wrath of nature was such an innocent one; the suggestion that scientific research in itself would sooner or later upset the apple-cart of the balance of nature, seemed almost obscurantist.

But in "The Thaw Plan" the upset is better managed, for it comes as the result of a weaponless war between the Mongoloid Russo-Chinese empire and the only other important power, the United States. Using atomic power, the Supreme Commissar melted the Arctic ice-cap, flooding most of Europe and North America, secure in a refuge for his own people in the highlands of Central Asia; while the United States countered by melting the Antarctic ice and colonizing Antarctica. To the carefree readers of Ellery Queen, this was presented as a perfectly happy ending, greeted by the people with enthusiasm, though at the time I read it it seemed to me that I should hardly have joined the cheering. The present version goes on to trace what happened to our descendants when, under the bombardment of cosmic rays from the Poles, they had sunk into barbarism. But at least there was a belt of impassable jungle between the two empires which would otherwise have fought a war of extermination; man, having failed to rise above his environment, was adapted to it willy-nilly.

The other two stories in the volume deal with the direct conflict of supernatural good and evil, and each is dominated by a saintly clergyman. They are less effective than the other two, for several reasons. But taken altogether, all these stories provide any lover of fantastic fiction both with first-rate entertainment, and with a good deal of food for thought as well. (What *was* it that those bats were trying to convey? Somebody may be able to make it out!)

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Fun with Foibles

THE LOCUSTS HAVE NO KING. By Dawn Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 286 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES C. FULLER

SO MANY sparks of witty observation kindle the pages of Miss Powell's lively comedy of postwar Greenwich Village and its cultural environs that one reads on and on, fascinated and inquisitive for more. Not for the story certainly; that is commonplace enough. Nor to find out what happens to the people. They rarely have a chance to grow from caricatures to well-defined individuals before Miss Powell is at them, dissecting their emotions and motives, and impaling them on their own words. "One never changed, one was merely found out," laments one rejected lover. Found out, she might have added, by her creator. The secret of the hold on our interest, I imagine, is simply that Dawn Powell is running this show; whatever her faults as a novelist, she will not say anything uninteresting about her characters nor allow them for long to try the patience of a reader.

The focus of the story, when there is a focus, is Frederick Olliver, who represents innocence among the locusts of publishers' row, the brain-picking cocktail and bar sets, and the kindergartens of easy culture. A Bank Street recluse and medieval scholar in his middle thirties, he writes esoteric essays for little magazines and every few years turns out an esteemed but unsalable book. By a series of accidents he is propelled, trailing shreds of his cocoon, into a sabbatical in a world he not only didn't make but didn't know was there. His seclusion was first breached by a long-standing though spasmodic love affair with patrician Lyle Gaynor, playwright and wife of an aging and crippled actor. This sub rosa idyll is interrupted when Frederick is trapped sexually by the fretful wiles of an appalling example of Southern infantilism and bitchery named Dodo Brennan. Dodo becomes the Mildred of Frederick's human bondage. His latest book with a medieval message wins an international award and sales; inadvertently he is made editor of his publisher's profitable sideline, a comics magazine; he teaches The Contemporary Novel at the League for Cultural Foundation and finds himself launched as a cocktail lion. Misunderstandings multiply with Lyle until at last Dodo disappears with an advertising genius and the not-so-crippled actor flies to Hollywood and oblivion. Free and reunited, Frederick and Lyle overhear the Bikini tests on the radio. "He went over to Lyle and held her tightly. In a world of destruction one must hold fast to whatever fragments of love are left . . ."

—*Glidden.*

"Dawn Powell is running this show."

"The unfamiliar elegance of Frederick's mind," so attractive to his new friends, is shared but fleetingly with the reader. Miss Powell's talent—as the recording devil—lies elsewhere. Her natural prey is the more vulnerable and malleable types who swarm around Frederick: the hard-drinking success girls from the world of business art with their hidden hungers, the little-magazine coterie of dead-end thinkers, the self-reassuring barflies of the Village's "Rubberleg Square." Above all she delights in attacking the king-size locusts: Tyson Bricker, "New York's most publicized cultural leader," whose name on banquet menus is as familiar as fruit cup; Strafford, the muddled, opportunist publisher who admired integrity in a man like Frederick ("But it makes people so hard to get along with"); or Sam Flannery, theatrical press agent "with the complacent ego of the ignorant." But she pays for her pleasure and ours in undressing so many stuffed shirts in public. The novel becomes random in its effect.

With amiable malice Miss Powell hunts down our foibles and pretenses and brilliantly damns us with our own dialogue. Is this satire? Not in any Swiftian sense, and perhaps it is time to make a distinction. The reader who laughs at true satire, laughs because he is afraid. An abyss of pain and hatred is there. We, living in a tactful age, have confused wisecracks, caricatures, and ridicule with satire. On cue from Miss Powell we laugh with delight or embarrassment according to whether it is our friends or ourselves who have been found out. But it is all in fun, like a family joke.

Sweetness and Sanity

PARRIS MITCHELL OF KING'S ROW. By Henry and Katherine Bellamann. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1948. 333 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IT IS regrettable that the word "mediocre" has taken on so unfavorable a coloring. In its original sense of something having to do with the middle it was a valuable adjective; but the difficulty is not merely that to call such-and-such a work "mediocre" is to damn it with faint praise but also that substitute phrase like "commonplace," "middling good," "neither very good nor very bad" are also comminatory. Such is the national passion for getting on that everything has to be excellent, first-rate, outstanding, exceptional, sensational, unique, or what have you.

This mild excursion into semantics is occasioned by the appearance of the sequel to "King's Row," which in 1940 had some attention and which was turned into a movie. "King's Row," it will be recalled, had to do with the earlier years of one Dr. Parris Mitchell, a psychiatrist who by and by settled in a small town in the Middlewest. "Parris Mitchell of King's Row" is the next member of a projected trilogy. Mr. Bellamann did not live to finish the book, which has been completed by Mrs. Henry Bellamann from extensive notes left her. Obviously the third member of the trilogy, which would presumably have brought the story down to the 1940's, will never be written.

It would be pleasant to grow exclamatory over "Parris Mitchell of King's Row" if one could. Obviously the ethical intent of this book (as of the series) was and is laudable. Obviously the theme pleased a good many readers of volume one. Some of these I have talked to; they are a little vague about it, but they thought it was a "good book." Others remembered it as "preachy." The present work is necessarily aimed at that vast mid-section of the reading public where novels are briefly dismissed as "good" or "bad," and the adjective "preachy" sums up the whole intricate problem of ethics and esthetics in a work of art.

The sequel is some more of the same thing. A formidable motto from the letters of Rainer Maria Rilke furnishes an epigraph for its humdrum pages, but I suggest that an equally applicable motto would be that there's so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us that it ill behooves any one of us to speak ill

(*Continued on page* 23)

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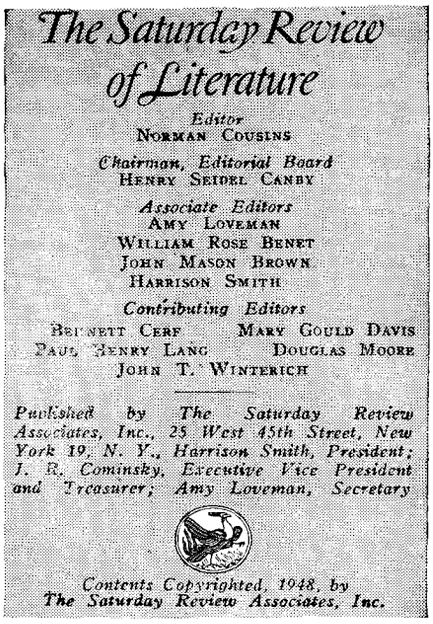
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The Pulitzer Awards

FOR THIRTY-ONE years the trustees of Columbia University, on recommendation of an advisory board of the School of Journalism, have used the income of Joseph Pulitzer's endowment "for prizes and scholarships for the encouragement of public service, public morals, and the advancement of education." This year's prizes were as usual prefaced by guessing contests, arguments in newspaper and publishing offices, and by published attacks based on the board's past errors of omission and commission.

The charges that the selections of the board "compelled writers to become soft, obedient and sterile" and "vitiated and embarrassed art at its source," made by Sinclair Lewis and William Saroyan when they refused to be honored for "Arrowsmith" and "The Time of Your Life," were repeated. In 1934 three judges stated their reasons for resigning from the Board in no uncertain terms. One of them wrote that the awards had been arrived at "without reference to established standards of criticism." The next year, professional dramatic critics formed their own organization to select the best plays of the year in opposition to the Pulitzer decisions. It seems that Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case had been turned down in favor of Zoe Akins's harmless and now forgotten "Old Maid." Mr. Anderson declared that the Pulitzer drama prizes had been an encouragement to mediocrity and a confusing and misleading influence in the theatre. In 1941, the American Newspaper Guild set itself up in the prize-giving business after Reuben Maury, the *New York Daily News's* and *Collier's* double-gaited editorial writer, had been crowned by the Pulitzer Committee, apparently for writing with equal facility on both sides of the great debate on isolation or war.

In this year's April issue of the magazine *'48*, Kenneth N. Stewart cites some of the past revolutions against what has become a national institution and adds a few sharp comments of his own. He accuses the Pulitzer Advisory Board of being tied to the academic skirt of Carl W. Ackerman, dean of the School of Journalism, whose words and acts identify him as "an academic apologist for the American Newspaper Publisher's Association, which is business-minded, publicity-wise, and suspicious of change." The magazine quotes a 1942 editorial from *The Saturday Review* protesting that Ellen Glasgow's novels had been neglected too long, and that Ernest Hemingway, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, and William Faulkner had never received an award. This is equally true for H. L. Mencken, Charles Beard, Heywood Broun, Thomas Wolfe, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Carl Sandburg, T. S. Eliot, and many another writer who helped to create the American literary renaissance of the Twenties and Thirties.

Against these objections and denunciations of the choices of past years it can be argued that the terms of the founder's bequest inevitably lead to conservatism. Morality, education, public service are the watchwords and the catchwords. Nothing could be more admirable than these three aims, but it is often hard to fit a crusading newspaperman, a radical editor, or a novelist or playwright experimenting in what are thought to be dangerous waters, into these three categories. Perhaps there is a higher morality in literature for its own sake, or art for art's sake; but when an august board of judges surveys the yearly offering, the kind of morality that is the convention of the moment must win out every time.

The selections for this year in all fields must seem to be admirable in any way you choose to look at them. Some of them are surprising enough, as the reader will see if he examines our list of nominations by professional newspaper and magazine reviewers on the opposite page. Not one of these twenty-three critics selected the winners of the prizes for biography or fiction. The award for the most distinguished fiction in book form went to James Michener for his "Tales of the South Pacific," passing by A. B. Guthrie's "The Big Sky" and Gerald Warner Brace's "The Garretson Chronicle," which won eight votes each on our lists. On the race track the odds against Mr. Michener's dark horse would have been about a hundred to one, for it was his first attempt at popular writing, and a collection of nineteen short stories, at that, so realistically written that many readers must have mistaken the book for an autobiographical account of the adventures of the author on the forty-nine atolls and islands to which he was sent as a trouble shooter in aviation maintenance.

IT must have occurred to very few people, including the author, that another newcomer to popular writing, Miss Margaret Clapp, assistant professor of history at Brooklyn College, would win a prize for her biography, "Forgotten First Citizen: John Bigelow." Admirable as was the almost forgotten Mr. Bigelow in civic virtue and noble causes, he is hardly a romantic figure, though his biography exemplifies the committee's worthy definition for that field, the best American biography "teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people." Everyone likes a success story, and the award to Miss Clapp is certainly that.

Bernard de Voto's "Across the Wide Missouri" could hardly be improved on as the Pulitzer choice in history. It is in many respects the best of his numerous books. His account of the wild and woolly years of the fur trade in the West over a century ago is less dramatic than his "The Year of Decision: 1846," but he has subordinated his somewhat aggressive opinions expressed in that book to the leisurely mastery and development of an epic

Noctambule

By Ben Ray Redman

ALL NIGHTS are dawns, and every dawn a night:
The life that wakes beneath nocturnal skies
Sleeps through the day, when soporific light
Darkens the sight of moon-enchanted eyes.
No brisk companions of the sunshine guess
A shadow moves among them, quick as trade,
Efficient, sly, and avid of success;
As if won chips were real, or bankers paid.

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Individual Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

The Saturday Review's Annual Pulitzer Prize Poll

Name and Medium	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
This Year's Winners	Tales of the South Pacific	Forgotten First Citizen: John Bigelow	Across the Wide Missouri	Age of Anxiety
DAVID APPEL, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*	The Big Sky	Lincoln: The Liberal Statesman	Postscript to Yesterday	No opinion
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*	The Big Sky	William Allen White's America	Across the Wide Missouri	Steeple Bush
JACQUES BARZUN *Harper's Magazine*	The Middle of the Journey	No opinion	Across the Wide Missouri	The Seeming Real
CLYDE BECK, *The Detroit News*	Crescent City	Lincoln: The Liberal Statesman	Postscript to Yesterday	No opinion
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*	The Big Sky	William Allen White's America	The American Past	No opinion
FRANK DANIEL, *Atlanta Journal*	The Garretson Chronicle	Richer by Asia	Ordeal of the Union	Transport to Summer
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS, *Miami Herald*	House Divided	Lincoln: The Liberal Statesman	The Puritan Oligarchy	Trial of a Poet
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	The Big Sky	American Memoir	The Wilderness Road	No opinion
PAUL FLOWERS, *The Commercial Appeal*	Prince of Foxes	No opinion	A Study of History	No opinion
JAMES GRAY, *Chicago Daily News*	The Garretson Chronicle	William Allen White's America	Ordeal of the Union	Steeple Bush
HARRY HANSEN, *New York World-Telegram*	The Big Sky	The James Family	Across the Wide Missouri	No opinion
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*	The Big Sky	The Times of Melville and Whitman	Across the Wide Missouri	No opinion
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *The New York Times*	The Mountain Lion	The James Family	Ordeal of the Union	Transport to Summer
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*	The Garretson Chronicle	Lewis and Clark: Partners in Discovery	Ordeal of the Union	The Iron Pastoral
JOHN D. PAULUS, *The Pittsburgh Press*	The Garretson Chronicle	William Allen White's America	The American Past	The Age of Anxiety
ROGER PIPPETT, *PM*	The Big Sky	The Lincoln Reader	The Shaping of the American Tradition	No opinion
ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *The New York Times*	The Garretson Chronicle	The James Family	Across the Wide Missouri	No opinion
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*	This Is the Year	Lewis and Clark: Partners in Discovery	Across the Wide Missouri	No opinion
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*	The Garretson Chronicle	Lincoln: The Liberal Statesman	The Times of Melville and Whitman	No opinion
LON TINKLE *Dallas Morning News*	The Big Sky	The James Family	Ordeal of the Union	Transport to Summer
BEN WICKHAM, JR., *Cleveland News*	The Garretson Chronicle	The James Family	The American Past	No opinion
MARGARET WILLIAMSON, *The Christian Science Monitor*	The Garretson Chronicle	The James Family	Concord: American Town	Other Skies

story. Its selection should not surprise the somewhat limited number of people who paid ten dollars for the book.

Only one of our group of critics selected W. H. Auden's "Age of Anxiety" for the poetry prize. Aside from Mr. Auden's extraordinarily apt title for the age in which we live, his book may not recommend itself to the average reader of verse. It is not essentially dramatic, though its prologue takes place in a Third Avenue bar. Actually, a colloquy on the seven ages of man, there are four speakers whose reminiscences move through space and line into history punctuated by radio and the juke box. In the long poem, or drama in verse form, to quote *The Saturday Review's* critic, "reminiscence, inner time, transforms to a timeless fantasy world, an allegory shared by the four alcohol-released participants."

The award made in the field of national reporting, bestowed for the first time since 1942, to Bert Andrews of the *New York Herald Tribune*, gives us pleasure, since we nominated him for this honor some time ago. From his post as chief of his newspaper's Washington Bureau, Mr. Andrews in a series of stories attacked with courage and obstinacy the State Department's practices in dismissing its employees for security reasons. He is not unused to prizes, since the same work won him the Heywood Broun Memorial Award and the award of the Newspaper Guild of New York. This year, certainly, the judges for the Pulitzer Prizes have not been alarmed by honest crusading for liberal and perhaps unpopular opinions.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Christmas Stories

SIR: I am beginning work upon "The Second Fireside Book of Christmas Stories," to be published by Bobbs-Merrill. I should be very happy to hear from as many of the more than half million readers of "The Fireside Book of Christmas Stories" as may have missed favorite stories in that volume which they would like to have me include in its companion volume.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

233 Otis St.,
West Newton 65, Mass.

League of Survivors

SIR: May I address the following message to the individual *SRL* reader?

You belong to a generation which faces a problem unique in history.

You were reared and trained in a culture whose technologies are complex, interdependent, sophisticated. To survive and prosper, you have had to become expert in one specialized segment of the vast machine which produces the food you eat, the clothes you wear, the car you drive. You have had to ignore the multitude of techniques by which the machine runs.

Nevertheless, if you live out a normal life span, you will spend the later years of your life in a situation where specialization is fatal. Your survival will depend on the broadest variety of practical skills. Can you light a fire without matches? To make a blade for a spear, would you use the crankshaft from a wrecked auto, a spring leaf, or a piece of the differential housing? You are a natural leader, but do you know the most effective propaganda techniques by which to establish a tabu of exogamy and thus minimize the birth of monstrosities? Can you repair a tractor and operate it without gasoline? These are only a few of the questions on which your own survival will one day depend.

The League of Survivors has been formed to meet this problem. To you, as a prospective member, we offer the services of a skilled staff already engaged in gathering, sorting, condensing the information and skills which seem likely to be most indispensable. Within a few months we plan to start sending regular bulletins to our members setting out, in form suitable for memorizing—perhaps in verse—the facts you will need to remember. We will provide drill and laboratory programs for acquisition of a few basic manual skills. Later we expect to summarize a group of the most important formulas recommended for tattooing on the body.

Just as samples of our work: A staff of mechanics is now experimenting with the simplest possible charcoal gas generator for operating abandoned vehicles without gasoline. Our chief chemist is working out a procedure for manufacture of gunpowder with readily available materials and equipment.

This personal service is only one side of the L.O.S. activity. Equally important is the social and economic program now being worked out by our staff with the aid of an advisory committee of leading economists and engineers. The thought of revamping the present industrial system so as to make it relatively invulnerable has been pretty generally abandoned. This is understandable. The job of relocating all major industries, of building underground plants, is too big to contemplate; it is probably impossible. But what has been ignored until now is the much simpler problem of revamping the industrial system for survival.

We are convinced that intelligent planning done today can insure the existence of an economy capable of keeping alive the population of perhaps forty or fifty million to be expected in the future. It will be a primarily agricultural economy, of course, but it need not be an unduly primitive economy. There should be no need to return to the wooden plow. We propose to program now the dispersal and duplication of those few facilities needed to preserve some elements of industry, of transportation, and of regional interchange of product.

Our principal effort at present is the study of the economics and engineering of scrap. Proper use of the stockpiles of wreckage will make unnecessary for decades, perhaps for several generations, the difficult effort of developing extractive industries. Fortunately, attention can be concentrated on the much simpler problems of repair, conversion, and small-scale manufacture.

Already our studies lead us to a cautious optimism. This interim Age of Scrap will provide a breathing spell during which intelligent action may well avert a reversion to barbarism. It is our considered opinion that early vigorous action along the lines programmed by the L.O.S. can result in the restoration within three or four generations of a high type industrial culture capable once more of the production of atomic bombs.

T. G. REAPER,
General Secretary,
League of Survivors.

1749 L Street, Washington, D. C.

". . . and this is our legislative study group."

"A Proposal to History"

SIR: The article titled "A Proposal to History [*SRL* April 3] was a commendable tribute to the fine work that the Committee to Frame a World Constitution had done. You are to be congratulated for the publicity you gave this work.

In this day and age people are wondering whether a world government of the federal nature will be established in time to avert a world government of another kind—namely, a world government like Hitler almost got or one like Stalin may be after.

Since this world is so small technologically speaking it seems that a world government, being inevitable, will come by popular demand to revise the UN Charter and establish a constitutional government, or if the people don't wake up soon enough a suppressive world government ruthlessly established by conquest may be the result.

Let us hope that Chancellor Hutchins's Proposal can become an actuality.

SHELDON H. WALTER.

Missoula, Mont.

Sentence

SIR: Reviewers addicted to "dichotomy"
Should be subjected to phlebotomy.

BRADFORD A. BOOTH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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of the rest of us—or however the jingle runs. Dr. Mitchell busies himself with varying portions of success in bringing sweetness and sanity into twisted lives; and he gets a good deal of valuable spiritual aid from Father Donovan, a somewhat surprising character. There are various tragedies and various cures; the conversation runs along in the same colorless way; and there is the same dogged determination not to leave very much to the reader's imagination. Perhaps when you aim (and hit) this level of the reading public, one can't leave too much to the imagination.

responsibility. In easing the boy's inner struggle, Arthur Norton, the hospital's psychologist, also resolves his own and decides to continue his often frustrating battle to restore the men's morale, and to shed his fear of loving the uncomplicated Candy.

Other lives are brought into focus at Woody's deathbed. That of Janet, also a paralytic, who had come to the hospital to help the men take their "long walk," only to fear going out into the world again. Bull Ecker, chief surgeon, as strong and stolid as his name, realizes at last that rehabilitation depends as much on the mind as on the body. Bud Shanske's urgent will to die is savagely repulsed by Ellen, the girl who loves him. Only Dr. Loring, who cares more for flashy experimentation and personal publicity than for the welfare of his patients, remains unregenerated. And that is as it should be. For Loring's sickness is deeper-rooted than that of the men he pretends to cure.

Betsey Barton is no novice in suffering. At the age of sixteen her back was broken and her legs paralyzed as the result of an automobile accident. She herself took the painfully "long walk" back to a normal life, describing her experiences in an inspirational book, "And Now to Live Again," and has gone on to write an inspirational novel. Fortunately, she has skirted the sentimental pitfalls that the term too often implies. It is a good beginning. Now it is to be hoped that, having made use of her autobiographical material, she will proceed to apply her obvious gifts to wider fields.

Forgotten Men

THE LONG WALK. By Betsey Barton. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1948. 282 *pp.* $3.

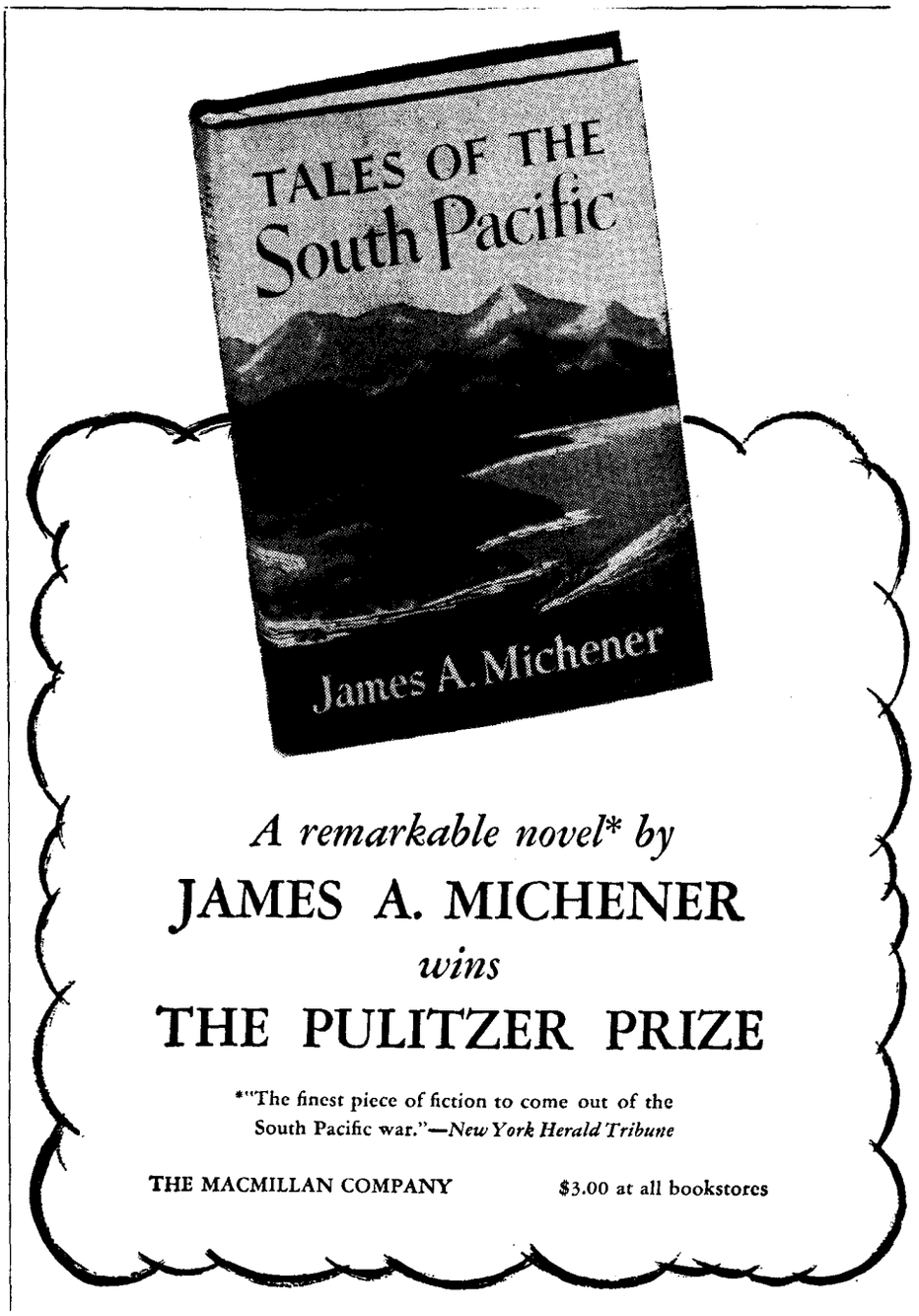
Reviewed by RAY PIERRE

HERE is a novel about a hospital that does not depend on the sensational or the psychopathic for its emotional impact. It is a welcome relief from the pseudo-psychiatric and morbidly clinical pot-boilers which almost succeed in shocking the sensitive reader into a hearty case of dementia praecox.

"The Long Walk" depicts with compassion and incisive clarity a single day at a veterans' hospital. It explores the conflicts of the paralytic patients and their pathetic efforts to return to useful living and, in many cases, merely to survive. These are the forgotten men of the last war, the grim foreshadowers of a war now in the making. But "The Long Walk" is more than the tragic story of a group of paraplegics. It also describes with real insight the conflicts of men and women of sound bodies whose lives impinge on those of the veterans.

Although this is Miss Barton's first novel, she handles its technical problems with the ease of an old-timer. Half a dozen subplots are tightly woven into the main core of the book: the men's struggle to achieve mental normalcy and physical aptitude in an abnormal environment.

The principal, and most poignant, character is Woody, whose fragile body cannot keep pace with his courageous spirit. Fever-ridden, tormented by nightmares of the concentration camps he had seen overseas, plagued by a sense of guilt for man's barbarism to man, he approaches death naively believing that he is being punished for his failure to assume



A remarkable novel by*

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wins

THE PULITZER PRIZE

*"The finest piece of fiction to come out of the South Pacific war."—*New York Herald Tribune*

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Poetry.

The Second World War had many epics, none perhaps more tense than the story of the convoy. Canada's leading poet, E. J. Pratt, was given unusual facilities by his Government to reconstruct the story of one. His proven ability at narrative in verse has stood him in good stead. One of our younger American poets, William Meredith, now a don at Princeton even as Pratt is a professor at Victoria College, combines depth of feeling with intellect in his second volume. Among other poets, Mary Webb, the English novelist of sudden posthumous fame, proves that poetry was a natural pendant to her prose.

Convoy S. C. 42 and the Wolf-Packs

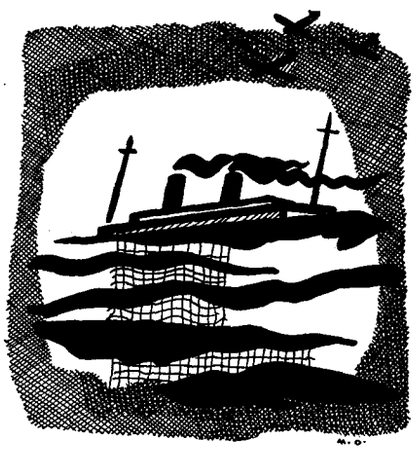
BEHIND THE LOG. By E. J. Pratt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 47 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

AMONG the epic sea encounters of World War II was the struggle of Canadian convoy S.C.42, consisting of sixty-six ships escorted by a Canadian destroyer and three corvettes, with a pack of German submarines, estimated to be twelve in number. The story of the trans-Atlantic crossing of these lumbering craft laden to the Plimsoll mark with the sinews of war—steel, sulphate, wheat, autotrucks, ammunitions, beef, canned goods—is told by the best-equipped bard in the Dominion, E. J. Pratt, a Newfoundlander, and currently professor of English poetry at Victoria College.

Pratt long ago established his position as a raconteur of the sea with poems of superb technical skill and of broad philosophic scope. His earlier poem, "The Cachalot," is a powerful analysis of the temper of the harassed pachyderms of the deep, and their vengeance against a pitiless tormenter. His powers as a narrative poet were demonstrated in "Brebeuf and His Brethern," the blank verse of the Jesuit martyrs of the seventeenth century. In recounting the tale of the slow freighters shepherded by the thin-skinned terriers of the north, Pratt has demonstrated the vigor of his poetic diction, and his vitality of image. The long poem is written in blank pentameter, mostly iambic, and despite a heavy dose of technical jargon, it is for the most part easily readable. Pratt in the strength of his eloquence occasionally does some violence to blank verse decorum. Some lines seem hurriedly written and have a prosy effect on the ear. The senior naval officer is speaking:

You must remember that the enemy
Will not relax his efforts to pick up
Those waves, that German D/F stations even
As far away as Occupied Europe



Are taking bearings, plotting out our ships

It's not exactly fair to lift a bit of dialogue out of context, especially when the poet may be attempting to get a conversational tone, but it is in such passages that the poem runs along on sagging arches. This complaint is minor to the overall dramatic impact of the poem, which gains in suspense and poetic reach as the poet recounts the attacks of the submarines. The quotable lines are frequent—

The odds lay heavily with the pursuers,
Even by day—for what were periscopes
At distance of three thousand yards, that reared
Their tiny heads curved like swamp moccasins?

At night when the order came to "darken ship"—
Thousands of sailors under decks were sealed
As in vast envelopes.

When seven ships went down and with them most of the crews—

Exploding tankers turned the sky to canvas
Soaked it in orange fire, kindled the sea,
Then carpeted their graves with wreaths of soot.

Night after night the convoy fought on, listening to devices of submarine detection; night after night the wolf-pack caught up with them and harried their flanks. The H.M.C.S. *Skeena* and her three corvettes whipped around the slow tubs, ramming the steel sharks or dropping depth charges. Several of the submarines were trapped—

The echoes ceased and a great patch of oil
Surfaced, and a huge bubble like a blister
Broke, close to the position of explosions.
This time for keeps, we've pinged his bloody hide, sir:
We've sent him down to join the *Thistleglen*"

Eventually, the convoy crawling close to the Arctic fields is picked up by the British destroyers. Fifty ships, some in tow and damaged, survived out of sixty-seven. E. J. Pratt has written greater poems than "Behind the Log" but he never wrote a poem with greater personal enthusiasm for his subject, or for the sailors and ships which took part in this incident in 1941 when the German wolf-packs were writing question marks on hopes of an Allied victory.

The illustrations by Grant Macdonald had a curious effect upon this reader. His drawings showing the men on the boats and in the water are excellent and catch the spirit of the poem; others are a bit distracting and seem to be little more than text book illustrations.

From a Possible Land

SHIPS AND OTHER FIGURES. By William Meredith. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1948. 40 pp. $2.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

LIEUTENANT William Meredith of the United States Navy Air Force, who won the Yale Series of Younger Poets prize in 1944 with a first book of verse, "Love Letter from an Impossible land"; but his work is still don, no longer writing from "an impossible land"; but his work is still essentially what it was four years ago, a "love letter." That a poet today can still write with affection of people and things and communicate that feeling to others, is something to celebrate: especially since Mr. Meredith obviously maintains lines of communication unimpaired with both the outer world and the inner world of the imagination. And, like the metaphysicals, he can feel and think at the same time.

Thus, he testifies to the power of love: even in "the loneliest place I know of nowadays," "a cumulo-nimbus cloud," "Nobody goes alone who

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knows so much / As one human love." But his idea of love illustrates the unexpected turns of this poet's thought; in "A Boon," though he rejects excess of singleness ("Losing with loneliness dear differences") as well as lust ("a project for two saints, / Feeding themselves by bits into the smoke"), he is looking not for mastery or simple gentleness either but rather for "The power . . . really to aid and injure one another." Here is a toughness of fiber that recalls Marvell.

Though in diction and turn of phrase this poetry is straightforward and follows the rhythm of speech, it would be a mistake to assume basic simplicity. "Knowledge does not yearn / To innocence." So Meredith's lines carry a weight of meaning that becomes more palpable, though no less subtle, with each new reading. The effect does not come from glibness or smugness—"I have looked at the ocean in moonlight for a long time, / But no more than death's meaning can I say what it means."

Meredith's source of strength appears in "Wedding Song": "Such private grandiose art. be yours / As purges public tragedy."

Beauty is when two lovers meet,
Or where the symbol comprehends the thing.
Or it can be if a system is complete;
Lover to lover in every part is sweet,
And image to imaged thing from head to foot,
And nothing surpasses total everything.

The art in this stanza is proof in itself of what it says.

A Lovely World Exquisitely Perceived

FIFTY-ONE POEMS. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 63 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by MARTHA BACON

ONLY ten of the poems in this collection have been published in book form, and it is well that the forty-one remaining ones are now in print, for here again is Mary Webb's landscape, as colorful and as delicately regarded as in her prose. These poems are the logical output of the author of "Precious Bane." Here is the same ease of language and the intense and specialized preoccupation with the natural scene as she saw it. Human passion is expressed, too, but it is in her response to morning, noon, and night, hillside and woodland that she is most completely herself, "her own woman" as Charlotte Brontë put it. Some other writer could have put on paper the poem "Reflections," touching expression, as it is, of a woman's love for a man:

No beauty is mine, and yet I saw today
A lovely face within my mirror glassed;
For you had looked upon me as you passed,

but nobody else could see quite as she saw the night descending upon an English village:

The last red dormer fails and darkness keeps
The village while it sleeps,
The young wife and the widow in her sorrow,
The seven young children at the smithy,
The cygnets in their bower of withy,

This poem rings with Mary Webb's especial music and so does "On the Wild Hill":

Where the ponies with wet fetlocks wade in morasses
Starred with yellow mimulas,

At her best Mrs. Webb joins the company of those writers who have observed nature with a certain scientific devotion. She is akin to Dorothy Wordsworth in the rendering of a scene. Everything is laid aside in the work of faithfully and vividly reporting shifting light, water, wind, and grass. She has been compared to Thomas Hardy but the similarity is not obvious to me. Her countryside lacks his pity and terror.

These gentle, seasonal aspects of meadow and wilderness and hamlet are appropriately discussed in rather conservative metrical forms. Startling or over-decisive passages—the roughened or clanging rhythms of some of the newer poetical idioms—would have been out of place here. As far as she goes, Mrs. Webb is a mistress of versification and though she occasionally lapses into ways now grown trite from long usage, on the whole her manner and voice are as fresh as they are graceful. Joan Hassall has contributed some wood-cuts in the mood of the poems; the work is an adventure into a lovely world seen with exquisite perception.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Miller's Daughter." 2. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." 3. "A Dream of Fair Women." 4. "Ulysses." 5. "Morte D'Arthur." 6. "Locksley Hall." 7. "Break, Break, Break." 8. "The Brook." 9. "Lancelot and Elaine." 10. "In Memoriam." 11. "Charge of the Light Brigade." 12. "The Princess." 13. "Crossing the Bar." 14. "The Palace of Art." 15. "The May Queen." 16. "Sir Galahad." 17. "Idylls: Dedication." 18. "Merlin and Vivien." 19. "Sea Dreams." 20. "The Eagle."

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Translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden

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Seeing Things

QUESTION AND ANSWER

THERE was that story we had read in *The New Yorker*. My wife and I had cherished it over the years. It had seemed the perfect anticipation of parental problems which we knew were bound to come our way.

I have in mind the anecdote about the little girl who one day confronted her mother with the sixty-four-dollar question, "Mommy dear, where did I come from?" The mother inhaled deeply, blushed, and shut the door. Although the dreaded moment had overtaken her sooner than she expected, she knew that as a modern she must face the facts, and face them squarely. Accordingly, she swallowed her modesty and plunged into a long and detailed, if un-Darwinian, lecture on the origin of the species. With a mother's generosity she gave her all. Yet to her amazement she found that her daughter, instead of being fascinated by her account of life's sweet mystery, was becoming increasingly bored by it. Finally the mother could stand it no longer. "Why, dear," she demanded, "if you won't listen to my answers, did you ask me such a question?" "Oh, don't you see, Mommy," replied the daughter, "in school today Agnes said she came from Buffalo."

By a tradition both venerable and comic this bees-and-flowers conference is held, at least among reserved Anglo-Saxons, to be parenthood's most blushful ordeal. I wish it were. Granting that at such moments children can reduce the most liberated of fathers and mothers to prudish Victorians; admitting that it is easier to call a spade a spade among strangers who are contemporaries than in the presence of one's own children, still there are other questions, asked far more often, which I find more embarrassing because I cannot pretend to know their answers. Among adults sex may, unfortunately, be Topic A, but fortunately among pre-adolescents it is Topic Z.

I cannot speak for other families. But, in my own, breakfast is the time when I am put on the spot. It is then that my boys turn inquisitors. It is then, when my eyes are scarcely open and when sometimes the night before is still rattling in my head, that they close in on me. They do this even before the first cup of coffee has been tasted. They do it without mercy until the moment comes for them to run off to school where they can acquire more knowledge with which to expose my ignorance the next morning.

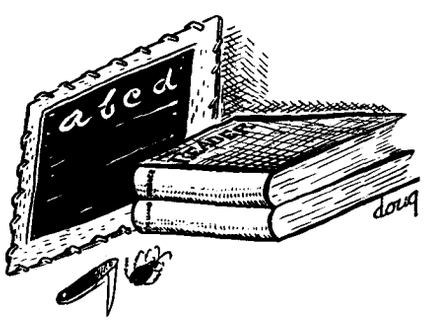
"Hi, Dad," or "Morning, Dad," they will gurgle through their orange juice as I struggle to my chair. "Let's have a quiz. Come on now, please." Before I can sit down, they are already at work. "All right," they say, "let's go. What's the color of obsidian?" Or, "Name the things made from calcite."

This passion for geology is new with them. Two boxes, sent from Salt Lake City, of multi-colored stones, mounted, labeled, and catalogued, have aroused it. For my sake I hope it will not prove lasting.

Nowadays there is no predicting the topics around which these breakfast quizzes will be built. My only certainty is that none of the questions asked will be slanted in my favor. A short time back, for example, we welcomed in our days with ornithology. For nearly a week my sons, fresh and rested, would greet me, as I tottered into the diningroom, with such eye-openers as, "Say, Dad, betcha don't know the habits of the Beardless Flycatcher." Or, "How would you identify a White-breasted Nuthatch?"

Prior to that their interests had been focused first on reptiles, then on animals. During these sudden and transitory absorptions I was supposed, while trying to steal glances at the headlines of the morning paper, to prove authoritative on the domestic habits of the Bushmaster and the Gaboon Viper, or the Mandrill and the Gaur. Fish, too, have from time to time swum into these matitudinal cross-examinations. There was a week —to me it seemed longer—when my ears had scarcely rallied from the alarm clock before they were assailed by questions about the Paddlefish, the Brindled Stonecat, or the Tessellated Darter.

As I say, the thematic variety of these quizzes is infinite. Each of my awakenings is apt to be followed by unforeseeable challenges. State capitals, types of airplanes, rivers the world over beginning with "M" or "O," football heroes, stars of the radio and screen, tunes to be identified from off-key whistling, snatches of verse awaiting completion—yes, even the names of the heroes and heroines of comic books—any and all of these figure in the humiliations I undergo daily between orange juice and the last cup of coffee.



There was a time when I fared better. Much better. That was when *I* asked the questions. My sons were younger then. So was I. Every question I put to them was as chaperoned to protect my ignorance as it was to advance their knowledge. They really believed I knew all the answers. I was careful to do nothing to rob them of that belief. At seven and eleven they know better.

I HAPPEN to be one of those old people who dote on quizzes. I even like the guessing games with which some adults, in the name of entertainment, torture themselves after dinner. I like breakfast, too, and look forward to these sessions with my boys. I had started these breakfast quizzes long ago for a reason and with a theory. My reason? They seemed admirably designed to quiet gun noises, bread tossings, and other extracurricular activities with which breakfast had previously been enlivened. As for the theory, my hope had been (I blush to admit it) to persuade my sons that learning could be fun; yes, even be a game. I wanted to lessen for them the fear and the agony of those countless examinations which in time I knew they would have to face in school. That the three of us have enjoyed these quizzes, far be it from me to deny. What I had not counted upon, however, was how quickly my sons would begin interrogating me.

Astronomy was the first subject to tumble me from my pedestal of pretended omniscience. Without going to the Hayden Planetarium I am well aware that the moon, the sun, and the stars are in the skies. Yet for the life of me I cannot remember, nor do I really care, how many miles the moon and the sun are from the earth. My boys, however, do care. For the moment they are masters of these unnerving statistics. In spite of my discouraging them, they will tell me the distance between Pluto and Saturn, inform me of the number of Jupiter's satellites, or describe climatic conditions on the moon. At first they were surprised by my lack of information on such matters. They thought I must be pretending. Then they were pa-

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tient with my resistance to enlightenment. Now they are openly derisive at my inability to learn.

The ways are numberless in which we parents discover that our years are accumulating. Among the more reliable of these is the shock which overtakes us when we realize that many policemen (praise be, not all), instead of being old enough to be our fathers, are young enough to be our sons. There are, however, other indicators no less dependable and as unanswerable as our mirrors to remind us that time has marched on. Chief among these is what the years have done to our minds.

Once upon a time we, too, could absorb facts blotterwise. Once upon a time we, too, rushed forward to each fresh subject, unfaithful to the old, but eager to master the vocabulary of the new. Moreover, we were able to do so—once upon a time. But the moment does come when our minds bang themselves shut at the first sound of approaching statistics.

We trust, of course, that we have not ceased to be hospitable to new ideas. Even so, there is no denying that our allergy to new facts, especially, in my case, scientific ones, does against our will become both sizable and stubborn. We have made our choices, hence our discards. We are further into life, which means further from the blackboard. Most of us are indolent, foolish, or wise enough to abandon certain forms of study because we have learned there are many kinds of knowledge which we can either leave to others or ignore. Furthermore, we like to pretend to ourselves that the reason we neither can nor wish to learn, in the manner of our young, is because our minds, unlike theirs, are too crowded with memories, ideas, worries, and information (life-gained no less than book-learned) to admit easy storage space for more.

Although we may console ourselves with such an explanation, we do not convince our children. At any rate I know I cannot get away with such a line. The faces of my sons, when I fail miserably on the exams they give me or try to bluff my way through, plainly show the disappointment and incredulity they feel in having such a dope as a father.

The changed nature of these morning quizzes pleases and impresses me, parentally, as much as it exposes me. If these quizzes come as revelations of how much I, a grown-up, do not know and how much more I have forgotten, they also come as proofs of the expanding interests, the healthy curiosities, and the growing knowledge of my children. They are warnings that already the young have worlds of

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their own; worlds into which, though they would still admit me, I cannot enter. The outgrown clothes of babyhood and first boyhood, the two-piece cotton suits, the pants that button on, the first long stockings, even the advent of the first belt or the first long trousers—none of these, I have discovered, can serve time as more definite markers than do the altered questions which nowadays figure in our quizzes.

When I first took over the Fadiman role, things were simpler and less taxing as a breakfast diet. In those early stages of the game I did not have to be fully awake. Often to include my younger son, I could fall back on such posers as "What was the color of Napoleon's white horse?" Or, "After what President was the George Washington Bridge named?"

The present questions are also advances over those hurled at me some three years back when, armed with joke-books and bulky collections of conundrums, my older boy would challenge me with such a wheeze as "Why, Dad, are you tired on April first?" I would have to pretend I had never heard the answer. Then at last it would come, accompanied by a chorus of delighted giggles. "Because you've had a March of thirty-one days! Catch?" Or there were the moron jokes. On these I was fed for breakfasts without number. My boys' favorite (and mine) remains, "Why did the moron put a chair in the hearse?" "I give up," I would have to say at least once a month. Then the triumphant answer would follow, "For Rigor Mortis to set in! Get it?"

Little by little, the questions and the questioners have changed. History ("Name the children of Charlemagne"); fractions ("How much is 2½ times 3⅞"); geography ("Name all the rivers emptying into the Mississippi")—these along with astronomy, ornithology, geology, and other more recent subjects have long since undermined my boys' belief in my wisdom.

Yet, downing as I find the factual questions in these quizzes which I enjoy, they are as nothing compared to the questions put to me by my sons, not as a game, but in earnest. I mean those questions asked unpredictably at any waking moment when, instead of hoping to catch me, my boys are genuinely eager for an answer to a real problem. These questions touch upon fundamentals. With an arrow's accuracy they go to the heart of things. The simpler they seem, the more impossible I find them to answer.

If any of us had to explain to an inquisitive Martian the inventions, the social habits, or the principles which we assume in our living and of which we take daily advantage, we adults would be hard put. But no harder put, I'll wager, than is the average parent who seeks to reply honestly to the questions asked him by his children. A youngster discovering this world has much in common with the Martian seeking information about a strange planet. As mild samples, I offer, "Why does an electric light bulb light?" "What's the Electoral College?" "How do they determine the wave lengths for radio stations?" "Why don't we wag our tails the way dogs wag theirs when we are happy?" Or, "Who wants war, anyway?"

The search is there—always there. So is the faith, the flattering, the touching, the timeless faith, of the young that their elders will know the answers in a world which proves they do not. So also is the relentless logic of childhood. I well remember, for example, the Sunday morning I turned to my younger son at breakfast, as I saw some egg trickling down his chin, and said, "Hurry up! You'll be late for Sunday school." He continued eating grimly for a few moments. Then he turned on me.

"This is what I don't get, Dad," said he at last. "Why does God need so many houses when we have to get along with just one apartment? Why isn't St. James's Church enough for Him?"

"Because," said I, and then I went into a long explanation about God's love being everywhere, extending to people of all creeds and in all places. I could tell from the boy's face that my discourse on divine love had left him unconvinced. Taking another forkful of egg, he suddenly said, "God wasn't so good to His Only Son, was He? He let Him be killed, didn't He?"

Instantly I mobilized. Instantly I explained to my son that he had missed the point of the whole Biblical story; that God's allowing Christ to die for men was the measure of God's love for mankind. Then I spoke of the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Holy Ghost. "That little bird," I added desperately by way of clarification.

There was a terrible silence. "Whoever heard of a pigeon having a ghost?" he asked. Since then I have referred all theological questions to his Sunday school teacher and his rector.

As a matter of fact, even on subjects temporal I find that I have come to depend more and more on the boys' teachers at school. There are some subjects I trust I can hold my own in. But in the face of recent questions these seem increasingly secondary.

Of course, I could stay home and read "The Book of Knowledge." I could spend my spare time at the Museum of Natural History. I could join the Audubon Society. I could foreswear Broadway for the Hayden Planetarium. I could spend my nights in the Museum of Science and Industry. I could, and perhaps should, enroll in my sons' school. Somehow I do not think I will. A boy's best friend may be his mother. But the moments do come when a father's best friend is his son's teacher.

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NEW EDITIONS

SOME eleven years ago Walter Pack performed a notable service when he gave the English-reading public his vigorous translation, and judicious abridgment, of "The Journal of Eugène Delacroix"; and now Crown Publishers, in their turn, have perpetuated that service by issuing a new edition ($5) of this extremely valuable work, which has been out of print. Largely concerned though it is with the special interests and problems of a painter, the "Journal" is an almost inexhaustible source of fascinating, stimulating, instructive reading for anyone who has any interest whatsoever in either the practice or enjoyment of the arts.

"What an adoration I have for painting!" wrote Delacroix at the age of fifty-five; and his "Journal" is full of that adoration. Like Titian, who used to say towards the end of his life that "he was beginning to learn his trade," Delacroix never ceased to study the craft upon which his art was based, nor to ponder the process whereby workmanship is transmuted into art of the highest kind. Tireless in the contemplation and analysis of his great predecessors, he was equally alive to the qualities of his contemporaries. Constantly busy with purely technical questions, he was no less concerned with questions of larger scope. To what extent was the imitation of nature desirable? How, in composition, make the part serve the whole? What was the ultimate function of color? Which was better: the perfectly regular proportions of the Greeks, or the effective irregularities of a Michelangelo? What is the relationship of art and science?

The endless inquiry crossed the frontiers of literature and music. Delacroix balanced Homer against Virgil, Mozart against Beethoven. He sought the essence of Shakespeare with patience and understanding. He returned continually and with approval to the lucid intelligence of Voltaire; read Dickens critically, Balzac with distaste, and Dumas for relaxation. Intimate with the most gifted men of his age, he was also at home in merely fashionable society. Fond of the pleasures of the table, although forced to enjoy them with discretion, he agreed with Peacock that the new-fangled Russian method of service was the ruination of serious dining. Wherever he went his ears were open to wisdom, folly, and good anecdotes. His mind was never still. Work was his unfailing defense against boredom. "Act," he prescribed, "so that you shall not suffer." It was a full life, and the record of it, from 1822 to 1863, poured into the "Journal."

"The men who know what they have to say," he declared, "write well." Eugène Delacroix knew what he had to say.

Another lifelong student of his craft was Henry James, who in this activity followed French rather than English examples, as Morris Roberts points out in his well-grounded introduction to "The Art of Fiction and Other Essays," by Henry James (Oxford University Press, $3.75). In this volume the editor has brought together papers on Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, Trollope, Zola, Turgeniev, and Emerson, along with "The Art of Fiction," "The New Novel," and an inferior note on criticism. James's opinions of the novels of others are, of course, so many lights to illuminate his own, and this collection may be heartily welcomed as an addition to the books that are making readily available the body of theory which controlled the Jacobean practice. Like Delacroix, James was always reconsidering evidence, with the result that his judgments often altered; but Mr. Roberts argues with justification that these judgments were "refined and composed" rather than "changed." As for James's style, its development was hardly less remarkable in criticism than in fiction. The 1913 essay on Balzac shows the master in mature form, coiling himself round and round his subject until, with the gentle pressure of a well-bred boa constrictor, he has squeezed from it, at last, its essential juices.

"Great Fishing Stories," compiled by Edwin Valentine Mitchell (Garden City, $1.49), draws on such diverse contributors as Zane Grey, Hemingway, Maupassant, and Henry Williamson—that fine author of "Tarkar the Otter" and "Salar the Salmon," whose popular reputation does not yet match his merit . . . Margaret McKenny's brightly illustrated "Birds in the Garden and How to Attract Them" (Grosset, $2.98) is a delightful book, written with love, which tells how to make feathered friends and influence warblers . . . Reissues in Black and Gold Library: Padraic Colum's excellent "Anthology of Irish Verse," and Brillat-Savarin's unique, entertaining "Physiology of Taste."

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

LAND OF LUMBER AND LAKES

UP IN the Northwest, the Newburg Berrians, the Salem Cherrians, the Medford Craters, the Bend Skyliners, and the Coos Bay Pirates are busy. For the Portland Rosarians, who are mighty unlike a Rotarian or a Yosian, this will be the biggest celebration of the century. Oregon, which every year salutes its berries, its cherries, its flax, pears, apples, beans, timber, and roses through boosters clubs, is celebrating its territorial centennial as part of the U. S.

It was just a hundred years ago in Washington that, against all that's natural, a filibustering Mississippi Senator ran out of wind, and let the Oregon bill go through. President Polk signed the measure on August 14, 1848, and Oregon with 8,000 settlers, 300,000 square miles, and a mess of Indian wars on its hands entered the Union. The region included all of Washington, Idaho, and parts of Wyoming and Montana, but the Oregon territory was none the less a friendly land. The settlers gladly joined hands to set up a newcomer's cabin, thought little of ploughing his fields for him if he became ill.

Today there are five million people living in the territory, and things are hardly that uncivilized. Oregon by itself has gained a half a million people in seven years, and seventy per cent of its inhabitants were born out of state. Among its million and a half population, the size of Los Angeles, are war workers who never went home, soldiers who were stationed in the state and came back, Basques who migrated from the Pyrenees [*SRL* May 1], and a tribe of cavemen who affect bearskins and claim residence in the caverns of the Siskiyou mountains. There are also a number of Indians of the Nez Perce, Warm Springs, and Umatilla tribes who, by treaty with the Government signed in 1855, still fish in Celilo Falls for chinook salmon, which is dried and stored for the winter larder by squaws.

There is no such thing as a cocktail bar in Oregon. All liquor is sold by the bottle in state stores. Although you cannot buy whiskey by the drink you may join a "bottle club," turn your bottle over to a bartender, and permit him to serve you. You may find them, but slot machines and pinball games are against the law. Parimutuel betting on horse and dog racing is legal. In Salem, the capital city, however, there are no slot machines, no pinball games, no betting, no night clubs, and no bottle clubs, the town being altogether as pure as a Harvard freshman.

Next to agriculture and lumber interests, the tourist business is Oregon's biggest source of revenue. Crater Lake National Park has a lodge with 130 rooms, housekeeping cabins, last year charged $9 a day for two, European plan. At places like Weasku Inn near Grant's Pass, sportsmen can rent a lodge room or a cabin for about $4 a day, fish for chinook salmon and steelhead in the Rogue River. The Tradewinds Fleet at Depoe Bay offers four-hour fishing trips in trim, handsome cruisers at $5.15 per person, half price for sightseers. Salmon will be running from now until October 15, and the tuna start in July.

If you want to get away from it all, you can fish right from the front door of your cabin at Red's Wallowa Ranch near La Grande, but the only way to get into the place is by plane or pack horse. You can rough it more smoothly at the Metolius Circle M ranch near Camp Sherman, where guests may live in the lodge or go off on two- or three-day fishing trips along the Metolius River, far from a newspaper or a radio. Like many another Oregon name, Metolius is an Indian word and means stinking. Actually the river is clear and silvery, bordered with fragrant evergreens, but once, during a salmon spawning season long ago, bears got into the river and threw thousands of dead fish up on the banks. The fish had lain in the sun for a couple of days when the Indians discovered the river. There was only one name that seemed appropriate.

HORACE SUTTON.

A Lexicon for Oregon

Donner und Blitzen River
U. S. troops crossing the stream during a storm in 1864 named it "Thunder and Lightning" in German.

Freezeout Saddle Mountain Pass
A rancher nearly froze to death one night trying to cross in the dead of winter.

Horsetail Falls
Somebody thought the cascading water looked like one.

Klickitat Mountain
A word meaning robber and applied to a tribe of marauding Indians.

Lookingglass
The grass in the valley reflects the sun like a mirror.

Mugwump Lake
The water level changes as frequently as that type of politician's mind.

Three-Fingered Jack Mountain
What the mountain summit looks like.

Yamhill County
Where farmers used to plant yams.

—Zell's "Oregon Names."

—*Oregon State Highway Commission.*

Scott Lake and the Three Sisters peaks . . . "A Mississippi Senator ran out of wind."

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Upper Left-Hand Corner of the Nation

THE GREAT NORTHWEST. By Oscar Osburn Winther. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 383 *pp.* $4.50.

STERN-WHEELERS UP COLUMBIA. By Randall V. Mills. Palo Alto: Pacific Books. 1947. 212 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

DIFFICULT though it may be for his intellectual friends to believe, Professor Harold J. Laski was snowbound in the dark canyon of the Skagit River, deep in the remote recesses of the Cascade Mountains, in March of 1939. When the professor was served a particularly luscious meal of what he called "butter beans and beef roast," he gave the burly construction gang cook a piece of advice in return.

Laski told his culinary benefactor that if he really wanted to know the origins and background of the region in which he lived, the way to begin was by reading "A History of the Pacific Northwest" by George W. Fuller. The wispy, talkative professor from London, marooned in a lava chasm, was sure that Mr. Fuller had produced by far the best history of this nation's upper left-hand corner.

Sixteen years after the Fuller book came off the presses, the same publisher (Alfred A. Knopf) has brought out a Northwest history which is in many respects its superior. "The Great Northwest" by Oscar Osburn Winther lacks the detailed accounts and descriptions of the earlier book, but it shows greater understanding of the social and economic forces which brought settlers to the last frontier.

An industrialist planning to build a factory near Bonneville Dam would do well to read this book telling of previous efforts to get rich off the vast resources of the Northwest. The British Hudson's Bay fur monopoly was too greedy; it killed all the beaver and aroused the suspicion of the Americans. Astor's Pacific Fur Company was thoughtlessly conceived, inadequately financed, and the employer of many men who did not understand Indians.

In a region less generously endowed with natural wealth, colonization might have failed. But cushioning the constant human bungling was the inestimable treasure-trove of soil, forest, mine, and river. The creeks supported one generation with fish, and after the last salmon had been caught the next generation was saved by the hydroelectric riches in water tumbling downhill to the sea.

Dr. Winther brings all his threads down to the final fraying strand, but he leaves a few ends loose. Why is

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NEW ENGLAND QUEBEC	Washington	$203	21 Days	July 26	Train and Bus
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	Cleveland	$210			
	Albany	$183	20 Days	Join Chicago Group 3rd Day	
	Buffalo	$203			
EASTERN CITIES	Birmingham	$217	23 Days	June 20	Train and Bus
	St. Louis	$219		July 11	
	Chicago	$218		Aug. 8	
PACIFIC NORTHWEST CALIFORNIA	Chicago	$278	24 Days	Aug. 10	Train
CANADIAN ROCKIES PACIFIC NORTHWEST	Chicago	$302	23 Days	Aug. 4	Train and Boat
PACIFIC NORTHWEST CALIFORNIA—YELLOWSTONE	Chicago	$328	27 Days	July 20	Train
PACIFIC NORTHWEST YELLOWSTONE CANADIAN ROCKIES	Chicago	$322	24 Days	July 8	Train
ROCKY MOUNTAINS CALIFORNIA SOUTHWEST	Chicago	$270	23 Days	June 24, July 15	Train
	St. Louis			July 1, Aug. 5	
CUBA	Miami	$180	18 Days	June 28, July 12, 26	Boat and Bus
WEST INDIES	Miami	$368 Return Miami	22 Days	July 8	Air
		$390 Return N. Y.			
MEXICO	San Antonio	$215	20 Days	June 25; July 2, 16, 23; Aug. 6, 13	Bus

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Washington progressive and Democratic, and Oregon, just across the Columbia River, conservative and Republican? He makes a show of analyzing politics in the Northwest, yet fails to answer this perplexing question. He describes Oregon's flirtation with the initiative and referendum at the start of this century, but does not mention the new buccaneering industrialism and corrupt gambling syndicates which have combined today to choke liberalism in Oregon.

"The Great Northwest" is a work of considerable magnitude. It is the most readable economic history of the Columbia Basin yet written. For these reasons it is discouraging to find Dr. Winther making errors which the most superficial proofreading should have revealed. Thomas E. Dewey becomes Thomas A. Dewey. William S. U'Ren, founder of the referendum, is referred to as U'ren. Lewis B. Schwellenbach, Democratic Party wheelhorse in Seattle, becomes a Republican in the Winther text.

"Stern-Wheelers up Columbia" is a useful supplement to Dr. Winther's book. The Mississippi is not the only great American River to have been spanked by the thunking paddlewheels. Even the Columbia, champing for a thousand miles in a prison of granite and basalt, has been host to hundreds of stern-wheelers. These gaudy inland water queens have given way now to squat diesel tugs, but Randall V. Mills has immortalized them in a sprightly little book.

Material about transportation can either be incredibly boring or unbelievably dramatic. Professor Mills succeeds in making it dramatic. When he tells of the *Norma* defying the 6,000-foot depths of Hell's Canyon, or of the *Shoo-Fly* breasting the upper Willamette, the reader sees the belching stacks, hears the sonorous whistle, and feels the rhythmic beat of the wood-fed engines. Pacific Books, a publishing house along the country's sundown rim, has brought out this entertaining book with some fine pictures and attractive endpapers.

"An excellent opportunity to go behind the economic scenes of Latin America . . . it should do much to increase our understanding of our Southern neighbors."

— Philadelphia Inquirer

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SIN OF ANGELS *Anna Mary Wells* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Unknown woman found, stabbed, in actress's dressing room. Doorman later slain. Psychiatrist drags truth out of obdurate but frightened tragedy-queen.	Take a deep breath, swallow yarn's improbable major premise, and copious draughts of psychiatry and suspense, artistically administered, should prove effective.	Entertaining
THE DEATH OF A WORLDLY WOMAN *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.50)	Twice - divorced cutie found poisoned in Southern apt.-house with very queer tenants, one of whom pushes Sheriff Jeff Roden around considerable.	Plentiful supply of unpleasant people, characteristically good Roden detecting, some careless writing (for A.B.C.), and bitter pictures of boom-town life.	No masterpiece
JUST AROUND THE CORONER *Stuart Brock* (Mill: $2.50)	Seattle private-'tec, tracing stolen jewels, encounters corpses and strange doings on various floors of racketeer-run hotel. He settles all.	Operative Cory and artistic girl friend move rapidly through exciting and gruesome scenes to ending that comes as no special surprise.	Adequate toughie
I WANT TO GO HOME *Richard and Frances Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Mustered-out Wave, outwitting shadowy enemies on trip from Calif. to N. Y., finds self aunt's murder suspect. Laconic Lieut. Heimrich helps clear her.	An expert job from every angle. Engaging characters, racing action, steadily simmering suspense, hackle-raising finish, and customarily good writing.	It's a honey!
ODDS-ON MURDER *Jack Dolph* (Morrow: $2.50)	Manhattan medico with underworld connections plays murder game and helps cops answer milk-bottle sapping of shady race-track character.	Narrator-hero resourceful and likable, despite historical-present declamations; people, mainly scummy, offer some good characterizations and action hits high peaks.	Readable toughie
THESE ARE STRANGE TALES *Anthony Abbot* (Winston: $2.50)	Thirty-three capsule chronicles about murder, mystery, and startling happenings both at home and abroad.	Easy-to-read, amply egotistical accounts of strange and violent incidents, including "The Perfect Case" on which film "Boomerang" was based.	Good bedsider
THAT WHICH IS CROOKED *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2)	Life story of man with mom-fixation who conscientiously killed all kin who "pushed him too far." Niece finally stops him.	Curious, and absorbing, combination of case-history and novel, with plenty of tense moments and romance, against rural American background.	Interesting
MICHAEL SHAYNE'S TRIPLE MYSTERY *Brett Halliday* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Three new-in-book-form novelettes about murder as solved by two-fisted red-head in and around New Orleans.	Shayne runs true to form throughout. Tales are amply sprinkled with cadavers and slick chicks, while cognac libations flow freely.	Tough—but tolerable

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"DEAR YOUNG LIEUTENANTS..."

(*Continued from page 9*)

and the nervous system, turning people into raving lunatics before they collapse and die.

These weapons will be used in the next war—despite any treaties or conventions. No nation will trust the other not to use them. And the advantage of hitting first is so great that tremendous pressures will be built up inside Russia and the United States for striking the crushing blow as soon as adequate supplies of the new weapon have been built up in each country.

Distrust will lead to fear and fear to terror. As each nation, for its own military security, extends its influence over other nations, anxiety will mount.

* * *

Now here, dear young lieutenants, are your assignments. Mark well what I say. Some of you are to remain in Germany. Here you must intensify friction between Russia and America. You must spread propaganda against both countries, so that soon they will be competing with each other for the favor of German public opinion. You must make the Americans think that Communism is spreading, and you must make the Russians think that American influence is increasing. Meanwhile, keep the spark of Nazism alive. Make sure the Nazi organization is strong, so that it can spring to life again at the right moment. Harass in every way the occupation authorities of both sides. Spread doubt and confusion. Make each side thoroughly fed up with its job here and anxious to go home. Foment disorder and discord.

Some of you are to go to Italy. Strengthen the extremes. Do what you can to force the issue between Communists and the Rightists. Make it necessary for America to commit considerable military force.

Some of you are to go to Greece. Stir up incidents on the Yugoslav border. Dynamite bridges. Get America nervous about Russian intervention. Help the guerilla forces, but make sure the other side knows where it can get at them.

Some of you are to go to Palestine. Here is one of your most fruitful centers of world discord. With Jews, Arabs, English, and Americans involved, it should be easy for you to exploit that area until it becomes one of the principal tinder boxes of a world conflagration. America is apprehensive about losing Arab support because of her need for Near East oil. Keep America nervous. Make her feel she will lose her pipelines. Meanwhile, carry out sabotage and dynamiting operations. Each of the factions will suspect and blame the other. Each side will attempt to retaliate with added violence. Mine the waters so that refugee ships will be sunk. Palestine can be a giant death trap for the Jews. There are only a few hundred thousand of them, but countless millions of Arabs who will pour in to slaughter them.

Some of you are to go to South America. You will find Argentina ready to receive you. You will find already in the making detailed plans for spreading the ideology and the power of National Socialism throughout the Americas. Argentina will be our base of political operations. I have already sent by submarine to Argentina many of our greatest scientists to continue their work on atomic and chemical weapons.

Finally, some of you are to go to the United States.

Since the new war strategy will be to strike without warning, we must exploit this fact. If suddenly in America one or two large cities should be torn apart by violent explosions, killing many of the inhabitants, then America would immediately spring to the attack and the war of annihilation would be on. Your job is to watch for the supreme moment and the supreme opportunity. Let the tensions mount until people in both countries are insane with their hatred and their fears. That will be the critical moment for your greatest assignment. Using the most powerful explosives and mines, which you will plant very carefully until you know the time is right, destroy an American city—and the chain reaction of destruction will have begun.

* * *

Dear young lieutenants. You must know how Der Fuehrer grieves for his stricken Reich. But, you must believe me, it is foolish for us to fight America and Russia on the Battlefield any longer when we can defeat them simply by allowing them to defeat each other. All that holds them together now is the common danger; when that disappears, they will fall upon each other. And that, meine Herren, is how Germany will win.

And now, I am going to tell you my greatest secret. It has been arranged so that the world will believe I have perished in the fire of Berlin. But, remember, Der Fuehrer will be waiting for his final hour of triumph. *Der Fuehrer Lives! DER FUEHRER LIVES ! !*

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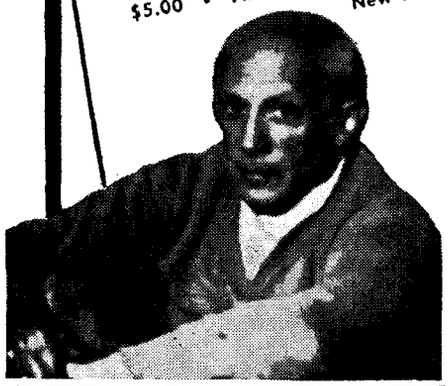

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GERMAN LIEDER COLLECTION			
BRAHMS, GYPSY SONGS (Zigeunerlieder, op. 103) Lotte Lehmann; Paul Ulanowsky. Victor DM 1188 (2 10″) THREE BRAHMS SONGS. (Der Kranz, Der Schmied, Feldeinsamkeit.) (Same) Victor 10-1405 (1 10″)	Victor does a splendid job on these. Not quite as steely-sharp as last Columbia Lehmanns but more golden - toned, on whole more suitable. Fine balance.	A— A—	Brahms made these solo arrs. of 4-part choruses. Some are too fast for Lehmann's technique—but does it matter? Most of these, and two shorter songs (single record) are stunningly performed—warm, colorful, alive, personal. Can anyone match Lehmann?
SCHUMANN SONGS. Blanche Thebom; Wm. Hughes, pf. Laura Newell, Harp. Victor MO 1187 (4 10″)	Similar set-up to the Lehmann records, but the Thebom voice hasn't the brilliance, projection of Lehmann's.	A—	An interesting collection, notably the songs with harp to Byron's "Hebrew Melodies." (Engl.) Good, conscientious singing, no more.
ASST. SCHUBERT SONGS: *a*) Ständchen, Den Unendlichen, Lauritz Melchior. Columbia 17509-D (1 10″)	Melchior's is widest range, biggest piano. The Victors (Maynor) are bit thin, well balanced, suited to Maynor's unoperatic voice.	A—	Melchior has Lehmann's type of diction, speaking quality, but he's overoperatic, tired-sounding to boot. Maynor has refreshingly pure coloratura approach, cool, accurate; her pianist, Schick, is good. "Der Hirt," a striking item, large-scale, almost an operatic aria. Unusual Schubert, on virtuoso side. Ferrier is expressive, serious, very British. Monotonous tone, lack of diction make her Schubert ineffective.
b) Ständchen, Liebesbotschaft. Dorothy Maynor. Victor 10-1372 (1 10″)		A—	
c) Der Hirt auf dem Felsen. D. Maynor, David Oppenheim, clarinet obbl. Victor 12-0186 (1 12″)		A—	
d) Gretchen am Spinnrade, Die Junge Nonne. K. Ferrier. Decca London K1632 (1 12″)	The Ferrier record, in spite of ffrr, is muffled, especially in piano. Colorless.	A	
COLORFUL BALLET AND POPS MUSIC FOR ORCHESTRA			
TCHAIKOVSKY, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY (Ballet). Leopold Stokowsky & his Orchestra. Victor DM 1205 (6)	Elaborate Stokowskian set-up (see ill. in album), isolated groups of players. Clarity undoubted; very fine brass. But some may dislike echoey, long-period liveness (matter of taste.) On repeated trial I prefer "Antar" recording: it's just as clear, liveness more natural, less cluttery, a more natural sounding ensemble. Both are very fine recordings. Quite some highs too—impression of even more. Britten recording is inferior to both, though still plenty good enough.	A	Three brilliant "Pops"-style albums, excellent entertainment music all. "Beauty" is relatively complete, with some surprises—light, frothy Offenbachian episodes. Fine album for changer listening. Question: does Stoky's novel set-up of orch. affect musical ensemble? I'd say yes, somewhat. Monteux "Antar," though diff. type music, seems more unified job musically. "Antar" is dull as symphony, saved by rich orch. colors, fine playing. Britten's rewrite of Rossini is pure "Pops," with faint touches modernity. (A ballet score.)
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, ANTAR SYMPHONY. Monteux, San Francisco Symphony. Victor DM 1203 (3)		A	
ROSSINI-BRITTEN, MATINÉES MUSICALES (2nd Suite) Fiedler, Boston "Pops" Orch. Victor DM 1204 (3 10″)		A	
KHATCHATURIAN, GAYNE SUITE #2. N. Y. Philharmonic, Efrem Kurtz. Columbia MX 292 (2)	Wider range gives fine percussion "edge," sharp brass, strings. But Victor's over-all liveness is somewhat better.	A	Brilliant music and will please many; give me Tchaikovsky or Rimsky any day. Not as spectacular as 1st "Gayne Suite." EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

INEVITABLES

INEVITABLES have no regard
For lesser powers than their own;
Rebellious through the universe
Their headstrong particles are sown;
With patient fierceness they insist
On bright upheavals of the law,
And, shattering all consistencies,
Invade the ordered heavens to draw
Stars from their course in burning flame.
Beneath the buttresses of time
They plunge to seize the deeper bond,
To counter mortal with sublime
Where truth is not in wisdom's frame.
Inevitables regard alone
The unaccepted destiny,
The undared pattern of the bone,
The undreamed strength of heart-in-heart.
While worlds encounter rims of sky,
And, satisfied, retrace their arc,
Inevitables verify
Eternity beyond the dark.

MABEL MORRILL.

* * *

As trying to understand our great and powerful neighbor, Soviet Russia, is something that occupies most American minds today, either inducing apoplexy or such nervousness that every time a fault or foible of the USSR is mentioned, the liberal writer thinks it necessary to call attention to a whole load of lumber in the eye of his own country, the NEST has been regarding the situation of the artist in Russia, as it filters through the press from that enigmatic country, with more and more genuine amazement:

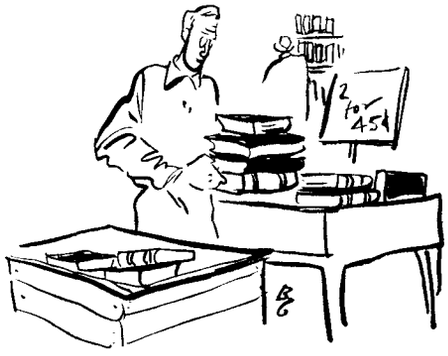
The recent nationwide congress of 500 Soviet composers lost no time in condemning trends from the bourgeois and decadent West, and praising to the skies the "new, powerful Soviet classical art." Here in the decadent United States we try to teach our children, at an early age, not to boast about themselves or their country, and not to get too big for their boots. But apparently it is regarded as a public duty in the USSR to inflate one's chest and sound off about the glorious achievements of one's own incomparable land. In this degenerate land of ours, we have a whole organization of chambers of commerce who try to do that for us; but the artists, so far, haven't regarded it as particularly their province. Yet a Mr. Khrennikov, a composer of songs for Soviet films and plays, took the floor at the congress above referred to and thundered forth the following:

> Our musicians have no right to be unpolitical. Music, like literature, must be permeated with an ideological spirit and must play an active role in reforming social life and in the Communist education of Soviet man.

Soviet Man is, apparently, a new kind of Frankenstein's monster (in a mild sense) who has no right to claim the integrity of the artist, which involves setting down and interpreting the truth *as he sees it*, without being suborned by any ulterior motive. Mr. Khrennikov would make the artist a nationalistic propagandist pure and simple. No great art has ever been produced in that regimented fashion —nor will it ever be. In Nazi Germany it was demanded of the scientist that his conclusions should contribute to the exaltation of the National Socialist State. I can see no difference whatsoever between the two attitudes. (If world Communism should ever engulf America I shall certainly be one of the first people to be "liquidated" as a dissident!)

A new military march has recently won a big prize in the USSR. One of the lines is: "At Stalin's word we are always ready to go into battle." It also says that soldier-Communists are "brave in spirit, pure in heart" and "know no fear." If they are literally that, then they are certainly a new breed of soldier in an imperfect world!

Forty Stalin prizes were recently awarded in the USSR. Needless to say in the realm of music neither Shostakovich, Prokofieff, or Khatchaturian received even an honorable mention. A prize of about $20,000 went to a "Cantata About Stalin." One of the three first prizes for painting was awarded to "Lenin Announcing the Triumph of the Soviet Revolution" and another showed Stalin calling for resistance to the Nazi invader. No influence of the bourgeois and decadent West here, save perhaps the influence of the long-ago period of Meissonier and Detaille in France (and no slouches at the art of representative painting they—as *Time* might say) or the Victorian era of "subject" painting in England. But this is, after all, the twentieth century! The sculpture portrayed, among others, Stalin, a number of generals, and even an organizer of the Soviet secret police. I am glad to report that there was one representation of a composer, Peter Ilych Tchaikovsky.



The last name brings me to the fact that, actually, the Russians are a greatly artistic people. They have had giants in music and in writing; they created the incomparable Russian ballet. They are lively, happy, religious, enthusiastic, with the real spirit in them of original creation. That is why it is so tragic to see them at present under the complete domination of great blown-up ikon pictures of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, and of a group of rigidly and fanatically formalistic and artistically mediocre minds in the Politboro who, essentially, dictate what they are to do. It is slavery for the artist.

* * *

MORE RESEARCH, PLEASE

I'd like to ask of science, why, oh
science, is it so?
Morons sound like mental giants—
when they answer "Yes . . .and no!"

CAROLYN ELLIS.

* * *

From Earle Walbridge:

The things one learns from the movies! Did you think that Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia and cremated on the sands of Viareggio? Far from it. He was killed by Agnes Moorehead, an excellent American actress aged 105, and buried by her father in the garden of their Venetian *palazzo*. If this sounds confused, it is no more than I was when I saw what Universal-International had done to Henry James's "The Aspern Papers," which they used as a jumping-off point for a film called "The Lost Moment." A miniature portrait of the poet whom they call Jeffrey Ashton, who wrote the letters for which the young American publisher is searching, is shown from time to time, and it is an unmistakable copy of the well-known Curran portrait of Shelley.

While we're on the subject, you may be interested in the forthcoming issue of the *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, which will publish for the first time, and from Hunt's own manuscript, Leigh Hunt's complete review of the "Posthumous Poems" of Shelley.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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FOR SALE: cut-out, pre-war, perfect condition. DeBussy La Mer—Coppola & Paris. Con. Orch.—VM-89 —$6.00. Martyr of St. Sebastian, Con. Orch.—VM-767—$5.00. Mozart—BYM-#39—Walter & B.B.C. Orch. VM-258—$5.50. Also FFRR-DA-6—Romeo & Juliet—$5.00. P. C. YAGGER, 108 So. Main St., W. Hartford, Conn.

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UNIQUE RECORD COLLECTION FOR SALE. 30,000 out-of-print classic-popular originals. Box 184-A.

"JUST RECORDS" Half-price specials—Bach: English Suite #3 (Borovsky), $1.96; Tocata in C (Borvosky), $2.20. Beethoven: Theme and Variations in F, Op. 34 (Shure) $2.20. Box 185-A.

PERSONALS

INTERESTED IN POETRY, philosophy, science? Country home in Pennsylvania's Chester County; $25 per week. Ideal vacation spot. Week-end guests, $7.50. Box 65-A.

COLLEGE STUDENT, 23; Navy vet and ex-Merchant Marine officer desires summer job as traveling companion. Box 66-A.

BOOK ON MAINE—"Casting Off" (Baldwin), 90 illustrations, $1; clothbound, $2. "Drogeo Land," woodcuts, reprint, 50 cents. George Lowden, Boothbay, Maine. Postpaid.

YOUNG WOMAN: Attractive college graduate; interested literature, playwriting; desires job in California. Box 67-A.

WESTCHESTER, N. Y., SUMMER RENTAL: Small aparment in old house opening on garden; charming antique furnishings; suitable for a commuting business couple or one or two adults. First of July to 1st of September, $250. Box 80-A.

FOR NATURE LOVERS ONLY. RENT! Amidst towering pines and unbelievable scenery 1700 ft. up in mountains; a romantic cedar-paneled cottage, fireplace, ultra-modern furniture, facilities, $225, long season; or $25 week. Others, $100. Brook swimming. Lake nearby. Food delivered. 80 miles N.Y.C. Write for directions, description. Box 81-A.

CONNECTICUT RENDEZVOUS for discriminating regular people; week-end or vacation; charming, informal, colonial atmosphere. Scenic drive Route 80 via New Haven. Interesting food regime arranged. Tyler's, RFD #1, Deep River, Conn.

DO YOU HAVE AN APARTMENT? Two gals urgently need place in Manhattan, N.Y.C. Reasonable. Box 82-A.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL WRITER, will correspond with dreamer-realist who's tall, handsome, and bright to boot. Box 83-A.

YOUNG (24) college instructor, reasonably diversified male, in academic rut, seeks three months' diversion with remuneration. Box 73-A.

WEEKENDS WITH MEALS in couple's Westchester garden-cottage offered congenial, discriminating young woman. Box 75-A.

CHAPERONE. Much travelled English gentlewoman, would chaperone and accompany young lady. Willing to go anywhere. Box 76-A.

ALL-ROUND YOUNG MAN, A.B. degree, but not the "intelligent type," wishes to correspond with sprightly, interesting gal. Box 77-A.

COLLEGE GIRL desires humorous, intelligent, liberal male correspondent interested in creative writing. Box 78-A.

AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, single, on leave, desires sub-let apartment Washington, D. C., area, June-September. Box 79-A.

CHARMING, INTELLIGENT, AMUSING WOMAN, interests music, literature, nature, sports, invites adult correspondence. Box 68-A.

EMINENT PSYCHOLOGISTS bound sets of Pedagogical Seminary (1891-1927) and American Journal of Psychology (1887-1920) for sale. Box 69-A.

WILL GENTLEMAN CULTURED, sensitive, kind-hearted and true, exchange ideas gentleman. Congenial, personable. Box 70-A.

CAPABLE, educated woman, varied specialties, wants summer work anywhere. Will travel. Box 71-A.

MAN, 26, recently willed semi-improved country home will share with gentleman interested in gardening. Opportunity for convalescent or disabled vet. Must have someone on property at all times. Box 72-A.

ADVENTURE-LOVING yet timid woman invites correspondence from interesting, congenial, personable men. Box 71-A.

MATURE FEMME offers highly entertaining correspondence, unpretentious wit, basic values (unstuffy), exchange small miracle—genuine masculine counterpart. Box 74-A.

SEPARATION DESIRED? If you are in doubt about the need for vigilant concern over separation of church and state, send 10¢ today for literature to P.O.A. U., 924 Colorado Bldg., Washington 5, D. C.

MEDICAL STUDENT, Parisian, attractive, desires companion position. Free to travel. Needs money for study. Box 84-A.

MOTHER, YOUNG CHILD WELCOME. Private family. Adirondacks. Cooking. Help with housework. Modern conveniences; small family. Hurry. SCarsdale 4726, Scarsdale, N. Y.

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PERSONALS

COUNTRY HOME TO SHARE: Professional woman, young daughter, would share Rockland County, N. Y., home with congenial couple; year beginning July. Return housekeeping. Car necessary. Convenience commuting N.Y.C. References. Box 85-A.

NEW BOOK, "Inside Los Angeles Chinatown," 207 pages; rare illustrations tell its people, history, religion, and art, $2. Garding Lui, Box 6227, Metro Station, Los Angeles, Calif.

SUMMER COUNTRY JOB desired by young woman. Fascinated, but unfamiliar with rural life. Box 86-A.

STURDY LITERARY GIFTS for the younger set—26 unpainted wooden letters, 1⅞" high, $1. Set 160 wooden letters brightly painted, $2. Treasures, Box 374-A, Columbus, Ohio.

YALE UNDERGRADUATE desires summer employment chauffeur, typing outdoors, anything interesting. Box 87-A.

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER driving to Mexico for two months on assignment will accept photographic commissions black and white or color. Leaving May 9th from Chicago. Box 88-A.

YOUNG YALE STUDENT, Cum Laude graduate of Phillips Exeter, desires interesting summer work. *Can write, act, tutor. Advanced knowledge of* French, Spanish, Latin photography. Will travel anywhere. Box 89-A.

FAIRLY YOUNG FELLOW with liking for science and travel wishes feminine correspondence. Box 90-A.

BABY SITTER: For Manhattan family with television set. Prevailing wages. Box 91-A.

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VERSATILE YOUNG WOMAN, writer, magazine editorial, and public relations experience desires interesting job requiring intelligence, hard work. Box 93-A.

YOUNG MAN, Phi Beta Kappa, English Master's courses completed at Columbia, desires position in New York in publishing, public relations, advertising, theatre. Eager to learn. Box 94-A.

FORMER OWNER SMALL (pre-war) agency seeks man or woman who controls or can obtain advertising billing, local and/or national. Active or inactive basis. Complete copy, art, production facilities are available. Now servicing diversified accounts. Can relieve you of all work or any phase of it. Excellent profit-sharing. State full details in confidence. Box 95-A.

WANTED: Secretary for writer, to spend summer on Cape Cod; winter (possible) in Hollywood. Must be able to drive a car and make own bed. Must be willing to run errands, and make herself a member of the family which consists of writer (naturally cranky and aging) able, attractive and energetic wife, and fourteen-year-old daughter. Don't apply if lazy, untidy, untruthful, or anti-semitic. Box 96-A.

YOUNG MAN, cultured, congenial, available as companion; reader many interests, trained extensively. Box 97-A.

IS THERE NICE MOTHERLESS COUNTRY HOME which needs supervision during summer months? Young woman, college graduate, 30. Cultured family background. Good previous experience children. Box 98-A.

NEW YORK MISS will exchange secretarial service weekends for country weekends.. Box 99-A.

HOUSEKEEPER, mature woman, active, quiet, fun-loving; correct background (social service, etc.), responsible;, desires interesting position with congenial family or couple, preferably writers or artists; summer permanent. Box 100-A.

ENJOY A SEASIDE VACATION on charming Cape Ann. Bathing, boating, fishing. Beautiful country. Rates from $45 weekly at Annisquam Inn, Gloucester, Mass.

GIRL OR WOMAN, any age, creed, or color, with a liking for people, domestic animals, and homemaking, to keep house for handicapped woman writer in nice little home; commuting distance of New York. Ability to drive car valuable not vital. No special training needed—only good head, kind heart, willing hands. Eleanor Blake, The Health Rest, Nanuet, N. Y.

MALE, college graduate, bored with academic life, seeks summer-in-the-sun as driver, companion or what-have-you? Resort, travel. Box 102-A.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, personable, alert and capable desires summer position. Resort preferred Box 103-A.

NEW ADVERTISING RATES EFFECTIVE ON JUNE 1st

Effective June 1st, a new schedule of rates for Personals and Classified advertising will go into effect for The Saturday Review as follows:

25¢ per word, 12-word minimum. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 17¢; 26 times, 19¢; 13 times, 22¢; 6 times 24¢.

All orders received prior to this date will be honored at the old rate.

SUMMER RENTAL. New Hampshire farmhouse overlooking Lake Winnepesaukee; view of White Mountains; seven-room, furnished. Modern bath; two miles to beach; rural, peaceful setting. Twelve hundred for season only. P. D. Howe, R.F.D. 3, Laconia, N. H.

EXCHANGE FOR JULY AND AUGUST our modern, elevated 4-room apartment near Central Park for $100 per month and use of car same period. Write B. Haymes, 43 West 83 St., N.Y.C.

SUMMER RENTAL, North Jersey, season $750. Remodeled schoolhouse, huge studio living room, all conveniences; landscaped grounds; good commuting. References. PLaza 8-1328.

ARTIST-oil portraits, $150. Individual treatment not commercial portrait work. Absolutely unobligated to accept unless satisfied. Box 107-Y.

CREATIVE TEACHER seeks position where both teachers' and students' originality—initiative encouraged. Varied experience here and abroad. Specialties: history, psychology, journalism. A.B., Bryn Mawr, EdM. Box 108-A.

I WISH TO START A SMALL STUDIO for making pottery and teaching this craft near a resort open the year around. Would welcome suggestions. Box 110-A.

HEALTHY, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, kindergarten teacher, would like position caring for crippled or invalid child. Can teach all ordinary school subjects. Box 111-A.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Spanish Instructor, student typist for liberal arts college near Pittsburgh. Men preferred. Student can earn college expenses. Box 113-A.

GENTLEMAN: Are you tired of sex literature and sick world articles? You can escape in the pages of Harpers, Atlantic Monthly, Century, etc. Magazines. Illustrated articles all subjects. First appearances of the giants of the past. Single issues, $1.75; 5 copies, all different, $7.50; 20 copies, all different $20. Bound volumes, 6 issues, hundreds of illustrations, over 800 pages, scores of articles, $10. Wonderful gift for father or grandfather. Box 177-A.

ADVENTUROUS ANTONY would be delighted to correspond with fun-loving Cleopatra. Box 116-A.

AVID PLAYGOER wishes share enthusiasm with lass having equally keen theatrical interest. Box 117-A.

AUTHENTIC KUNIYASU SWORD, winner of several first prizes in Samurai exhibitions; forged by Awatagueh, of Kyoto, one of twelve selected sword makers in reign of Gotoba Tenno 720 years ago. Collectors make offers this rare article. Box 119-A.

WANTED: Correspondence with emancipated female; interested writing, ranching, sunshine, and loafing. Box 120-A.

CULTURED PROFESSIONAL WOMAN seeks interesting summer employment in pleasant surroundings. Box 121-A.

UN SENOR, with smattering of Spanish, would correspond with Spanish speaking Senorita. Box 190-Y.

SOPHISTICATED, WELL-TRAVELED young man with a whale of a sense of humor and a flair for life, would correspond with snappy young lady of charm and character. Box 122-A.

MODERATE SUMMER RENTAL six-room, furnished house, college campus two hours from N.Y.C. Beautiful countryside. Box 123-A.

SOUND, BRILLIANT, PERFECTIONIST man would correspond with unusually endowed girl. Box 124-A.

BRICK CAPE COD near Ski area. Bath, electricity; 3 acres. Excellent barn, could be converted to bunkhouse for skiers. Hilda B. Russell, Windsor, Vt. or telephone ORegon 3-9669 N.Y.C.

PERSONALS

EDITORIAL WORK wanted by man, now free-lance research editor for international information service. Box 125-A.

COUPLE, THIRTY, intelligent, practical, would like interesting remunerative job preferably in country. Box 126-A.

SPIRITUALLY UNCORSETTED YOUTHFUL LIBRARIAN. A.B., B.L.S. Experience: school, public, institution. Minimum salary, $3900. Box 127-A.

CHILDREN LOVE TO RECEIVE LETTERS! Windy Forrest, the Northwoodsman, will write 6 two-page personalized, illustrated letters concerning his woodland adventures to 8 to 14 year-olds. Exquisitely done by noted author, illustrator and naturalist. $2.50 complete. Send names and addresses of your favorite youngsters and your "pet" name to Windy Forrest, Box 562, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MONEY NEEDED DESPERATELY by student vet, who desires summer position. Anything, anywhere. Box 128-A.

OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE EXPERIENCED SECRETARY for interesting summer employment. Available June 1st-24. Smith B.A., Graduate Student Economics. Box 129-A.

MODERN RANCH HOME for rent in Jackson Hole. Riding and fishing. Box 83, Wilson, Wyoming.

INTELLIGENT, quiet young man will accept job in isolated area for small remuneration, room and board. Box 166-A.

IS THERE AN IMAGINATIVE FAMILY, couple, or individual of cultured background who would like to live on beautiful old farmstead near Boston with modern improvements, swimming pool, horses, etc., and share profits in return for managing summer camp of guests business? Attitude for selling and mature judgment most important. Send photo and full particulars. Box 130-A.

MALE PH.D, candidate wants apartment or house Madison, Wisconsin, all or part of summer. Willing to be caretaker, lawn barber, or anything. Box 131-A.

COLLEGE STUDENT (male) desires summer position as tutor, house boy, etc. In or within commuting distance of the City. Box 132-A.

CHESAPEAKE. Congenial man or couple can have year-round run of my hundred-acre waterside farm for free in return for help with remodeling and minimum chores. Fishing, swimming, hunting. Sixty miles from Washington, D. C. Car essential. Box 133-A.

TWO AGREEABLE PEOPLE will share for summer pleasant Long Island, N. Y., home on Centerport Harbor. Box 134-A.

KNOLL FARM in Green Mountains. Simple country living for 8-12 guests. Vermont cooking. Modern conveniences. Magnificent location. No planned activities. Reasonable. Write Box 135-Y.

VERSATILE YOUNG WOMAN, optional musician desires summer position in Maine or Cape Cod. Would consider subsistence and small salary if position offers opportunity meeting interesting people. Unusual and varied position wants adventure. What have you to offer? Box 136-A.

ATTRACTIVE TEACHER desires correspondence with interesting male. Interest: antiques, bicycling, music. Box 137-A.

PERSONABLE AND VERSATILE HARVARD student desires summer position as companion, tutor, or other interesting employment. Box 138-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, graduate student, wants mildly exciting summer work anywhere. Box 151-A.

COMPLETE SET OF LIFE MAGAZINES, 1936-47 partly bound $115; unbound, $95. All back numbers supplied. Box 174-A.

TRAVEL

REST, RELAX, ENJOY the sunshine and the fascination of the desert at RANCHO SOLEDAD, Florence, Arizona. Modern rooms; delicious foods.

CRUISE—8 DAYS—Bermuda & Nassau, $190 plus tax. Hotel, Ranch, Resort & Cruise Reservations. Air—Rail—Steamship Tickets. UNITED WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE, INC., 43 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. CIrcle 5-5473.

SADDLE RIDGE, NORWALK, CONN. Charming country estate for week-ends and vacations. One hour from New York. Spacious rooms, excellent food, restful informal atmosphere. Adults from $7 daily American plan. Norwalk 8-9353.

(Continued on page 38)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

GENTLEMAN, lover of life, literature and music, amateur writer, liberal, invites female correspondence. Box 152A.

WIDOW, mature, likes quiet life, music, books, people, invites correspondence gentleman similar tastes. Box 153-Y.

YOUNG, SINGLE COLLEGE and business school graduate, ex-Navy officer, honest, capable, intelligent with appreciation for music, literature, theatre, desires interesting position. Free to travel. Box 154-A.

BOOKSHOP-TEAROOM FOR SALE. Most attractive place you've ever seen. Center of town with garden setting. Normandy House, Box 432, Westport, Conn.

SPRING-FEVERISH GRADUATE history student welcomes stimulating correspondence from adult girl. Box 156-A.

COLUMBIA VET, adaptable, reasonable, bright, wants interesting summer employment with travel before entering medical school. Box 155-A.

THE LOW COST OF READING: Buy the books you want (except textbooks) and save 25 percent. Box 168-A.

CALLING ALL VEGETARIANS! Also those wishing to follow in the ethical and dietetic footsteps of Plato, Wagner, Voltaire, Gandhi, Thoreau, Tolstoy. Free details. Box 72-Y.

YOU CAN HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME with Lilliput, Britain's brilliant monthly pocket magazine for only $2 per year. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

MILITAIRE FRANCAIS correspondrait avec Américaine parlant Francais—Latour René rue Lafiteau-Bordeaux-France.

WANTED: Young man to buy out-of-print and rare book business located in Middle West; a friendly, profitable enterprise for an energetic soul. Box 158-A.

WIN IN COMPETITION! Send me your experience data to re-style into a job-getting Résumé. $15. Write Matilda Rogers, Job Résumé Specialist, 240 West 73 St., N.Y.C. 23.

OFFICE AND USE RECEPTION ROOM in Grand Central (N.Y.C.) area for publishing, printing or allied use; reasonable rent. Box 160-A.

WILL REFINED, lonely young female rescue emotional, lonely, intelligent, mature male? All interests. Correspond Box 161-A.

YOU'LL ENJOY SUDBURY INN on Lake Hotonia, Sudbury, Vermont. Write Bob Horton.

VETERAN, 24. Four years' college; single, intelligent, smart appearance; traveling; will represent you any capacity, any part of world. Box 162-A.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, broadminded, desires position traveling South America. Any offer considered. Box 163-Y.

CAT LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 716-Q.

INFORMAL COUNTRY living, good food, spacious rooms, open fires, 150-year-old Vermont home just off Route 2. $35 week one; $60 two. Box 139-A.

WOMAN ACCUSTOMED TO FRIENDS FINDS new city difficult. Varied background. S. F. cable cars most recent. Can read a racing form and a chemical formula; like music from boogie to Bach. Tired of own opinions; what are yours, on any subject? Box 140-A.

HIDEAWAY. Putnam County. Fifty miles N.Y.C. 5-room cottage, garage, 2 acres, lake, beautiful, high country. All conveniences. $5000. Box 150-A.

PLAY THE PIANO AGAIN. Send for Brush-Up, an inspiringly new and different Piano Refresher Course written by a Master of Music. Ten easy lessons, $10. Send $1 for sample lesson to Forjedor Publishing Company, Box 103, College Park Station, Detroit 21, Mich.

MALE WOULD-BE-AUTHOR seeks correspondence with semi-interesting females. Box 104-A.

WOMAN EDITOR needs small apartment Nashville, Tenn., please. Box 105-A.

WHY NOT DONATE a set or collection of books to your local library, alma mater or other institution as a memorial or cultural gift. Income tax deductible. Send for free details. Box 172-A.

LAW STUDENT interested in literature, politics, sports, wishes correspondence with man or woman. Box 167-A.

GOLDEN GATE IN '48. Young man, motoring N.Y.C. leisurely cross country this summer desires companion share expenses. Box 156-A.

2½-ROOM APARTMENT, fireplace, piano; 2 blocks Columbia Univ., N.Y.C.; share with young woman. Miss Robinson, MUrray Hill 2-2562.

HOLD YOUR FUTURE IN YOUR HANDS? Send for free list of books on palmistry and learn the art at your finger tips. Box 175-A.

GIRL FRIDAY NEEDS A MASTER . . . graduate student seeks summer job involving travel. Can type; B.A. in journalism. Box 114-Y.

GET AWAY FROM ATOM BOMB, timekeepers. Leisure, safety on subsistence farms or colonies. Two dollars for bulletins, information and advice. Mountain Home Lodge, Branson, Missouri.

HARVARD SOPHOMORE VETERAN, 20, wants summer job anywhere. Likes children. Could tutor. Drives car. Most summer sports. Box 92-A.

BUSINESS WOMAN OF UNDERSTANDING MATURITY, but weary of poseurs and misfits, invites correspondence from responsible, straightforward, thoroughly matured gentleman fond of the theatre and similar pursuits. Box 112-A.

SMITH COLLEGE STUDENT, 20; English major, desires interesting summer position. Can type. Box 115-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, moderate means, great lover of nature, wide open spaces, far-off places, wishes travel. Companion with car if possible, to tour the western U. S., Canada this summer, N.Y.C. Box 178-A.

YOUNG OFFICER WORKER, Manhattan, seeks extra-curricular driving chores, evenings—weekends. Licensed chaffeur. Box 179-A.

FOR EXCHANGE, 25-acre ranch, beautiful Santa Barbara, Calif.; two modern houses; ideal climate; magnificent view overlooking Pacific Ocean; for cash plus small home. Box 159-A.

WRITER, Mature, will care for estate entire summer, board, room plus. Box 180-A.

BRITISH SUBJECT delighted with culture and excitement of N.Y.C. must have 2-room Manhattan apartment to prolong visit. Box 771-Y.

STENOGRAPHER, experienced. For work at children's camp in Mass. June 1st-Oct. 1st, $130 month and board. Box 181-A.

PROFESSIONAL MAN would like to contact responsible man interested in spending summer in travel; 50-50 expense basis. Box 182-A.

PERMANENT POSITION for intelligent, pleasant woman who enjoys children. Busy mother in adequately staffed home needs "another woman", drive, swim, give four youngsters good time. Maine summer, Newton Square, Pa. winter. Old-time governess type need not apply. Box 183-A.

WANT TO BE SHIPWRECKED THIS SUMMER on a beautiful river island with gay companions? Are you resourceful, imaginative, unpampered? Can you cope with complete informality? Owner wants to share her large house, piano, billiard table, and tennis court with several unstuffy people. Wonderful swimming, elusive bass, richly responsive gardens. $45 a week. Write for further information and interview. Box 568-Y.

YOUR HOBBY, intellectual, sophisticated, or plain pleasant pastime — brings you greater pleasure through Hobby Enterprise, Program. Box 369, GPO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT — information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal Business assignments, representation undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway. N.Y.C.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a black from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. An island Pension. 12th season. Board and room $50 and $45. Only double rooms available. Harold Vinal, 687 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., until May 7.

WHY RISQUE A TRIP TO PARIS? You can get a wolf's eye view of pre-war Paris in the pages of La Vie Parisienne. Exotically illustrated. Single issues, $2.50; 5 issues, all different, $10. Bound volume 26 issues, $29.75. Box 860-Y.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands, minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

SPEECH CORRECTION AND IMPROVEMENT. Accredited specialist will accept limited clientele in N.Y.C. during summer. Box 797-Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 738

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

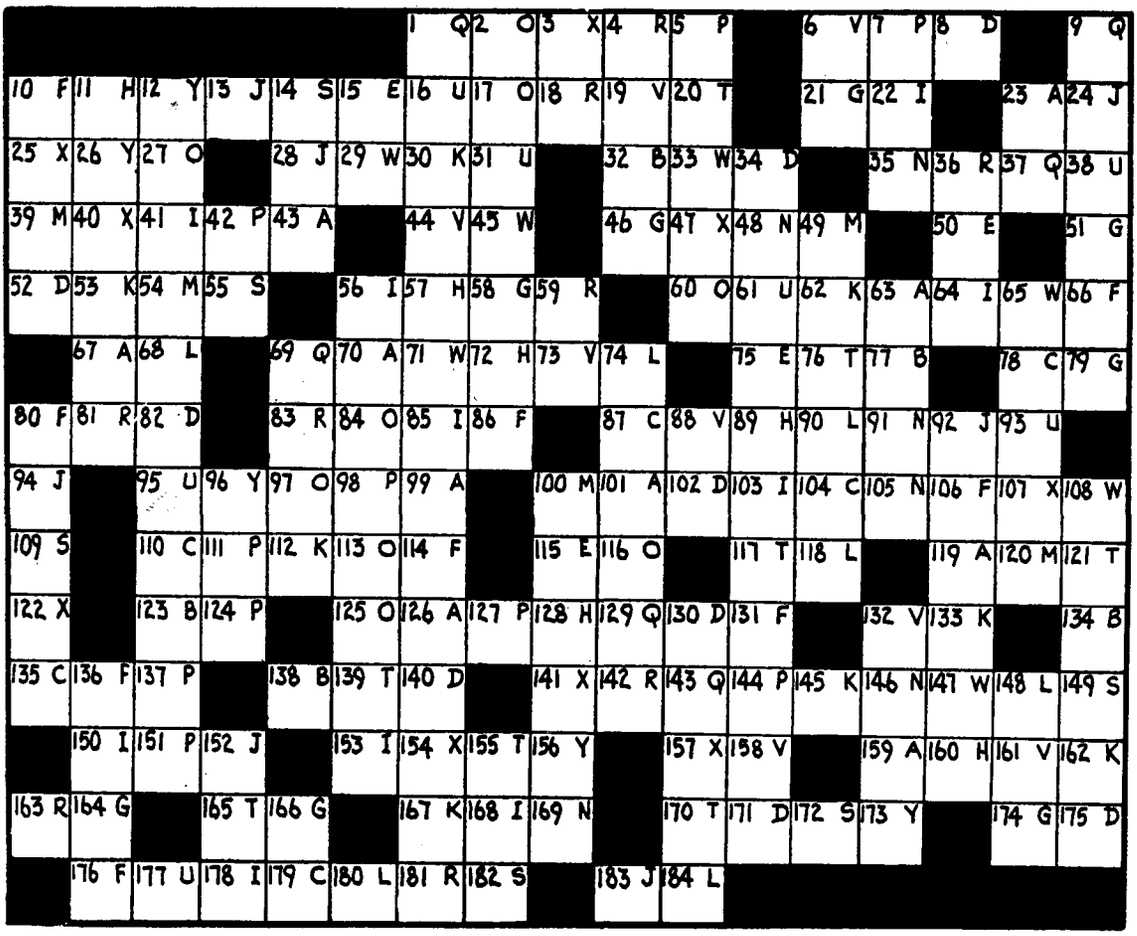
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Alternate low state with flood (3 wds.).	43 126 67 70 159 99 23 119 101 63
B. Type of palisaded mound common in prehistoric Europe (archaeol.).	134 123 32 138 77
C. To enchain; impede.	78 179 87 110 135 104
D. Turned backwards.	52 34 130 175 8 82 171 102 140
E. An Indian of a Mayan tribe of Guatemala.	115 75 15 50
F. Queen Victoria's birthday in the British dominions (2 wds.).	114 106 86 10 80 136 66 176 131
G. One who enters deuterogamy.	164 21 51 58 46 79 166 174
H. An insect the larvae of which are injurious to grain, fruit, some trees, etc.	89 160 57 11 72 128
I. Suitor to Rowena in "Ivanhoe."	150 153 168 85 56 22 178 64 41 103
J. Scottish friend, amanuensis, etc., to Sir Walter Scott.	152 24 183 92 13 94 28
K. The plover, *Eudromias morinellus*, of Europe and Asia.	162 133 167 30 112 62 53 145
L. Full of whims; capricious.	180 90 74 148 118 184 68
M. The plant-group to which practically all seaweeds belong.	120 39 100 54 49

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. French financier and statesman (father of Madame de Staël), 1732-1804.	105 146 35 48 169 91
O. A literary shrine in England on a small river with which it is coupled.	116 84 113 125 17 60 2 97 27
P. In a bright manner.	144 127 42 111 137 124 7 151 98 5
Q. Ancient territory embracing Athens.	37 1 69 129 9 143
R. Trim; tidy; orderly.	83 36 18 59 81 142 4 181 163
S. The dot over "i" or "j".	182 14 109 55 172 149
T. An aborigine of Formosa.	121 76 165 117 139 170 155 20
U. Cabbage cooked in a vinegar dressing, served as a relish (2 wds.).	31 61 177 93 38 16 95
V. A bone of the ear.	6 44 19 158 132 161 88 73
W. Affectedly learned or pedantic.	29 108 71 33 45 65 147
X. The bird of the State of Maine.	25 154 157 141 122 47 3 40 107
Y. Editor of the Harvard Classics ("Five-foot shelf"), 1834-1926.	26 173 12 96 156

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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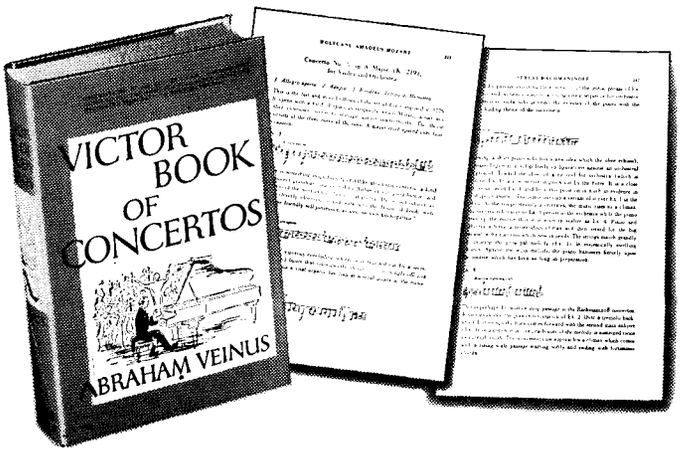

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